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PRESIDENT TAFT'S VOLTE-FACE

BY THE EDITOR

For more than half a century the Republican party has been the most compact and effective political organization this or any other democracy has ever known. Its principles have been affirmative, its policies audacious, its candidates, as a rule, aggressive. Even when it sprang into being as an opposition, in 1856, its attitude was invasive, its initial pronunciamento positive, declaratory. Slavery, with polygamy, was " a twin relic of barbarism." This was the crux of the Frémont asseveration. Equally direct, though less vital, were: Kansas must be admitted. . . . The Pacific railroad must be built. . . . Harbors must be improved. These were not protestations against existing conditions; they were avowals of fixed and definite purpose.

There was no faltering, no paltering. In 1860 "the normal condition of all the territory of the United States" continued to be "that of freedom" and "all schemes for disunion" were held "in abhorrence." Upon that statement Abraham Lincoln was elected and the declaration was upheld by force of arms. Four years later, since "slavery was the cause and now constitutes the strength of the rebellion," the government was pledged "not to compromise with rebels, or to offer them any terms of peace, except such as may be based upon unconditional surrender." Again no sign of equivocation. Again the party won.

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So in 1868, when the stern, inflexible and unwise reconstruction policy was applauded and Andrew Johnson was condemned for acting "treacherously to the cause he was pledged to support," there was no yielding, no temporizing. Grant was elected.

The moral issue had played its part. Affirmation, aggression, audacity, had won easy victories. But the war was over. Passions engendered by strife were subsiding. Prosaic matters of revenue, taxation, expenditures, demanded attention. Promptly and fearlessly the Republican party responded, blazing a new way with the skill of intelligence, the determination of courage, the assurance of success. On the 5th day of June, 1872, in convention assembled, it promulgated this explicit doctrine:

"Revenue, except so much as may be derived from a tax upon tobacco and liquors, should be raised by duties upon importations, the details of which should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor, and *promote the industries*, prosperity, and growth of the whole country."

So entered Protection. A new cornerstone was substituted for the old. Upon it the massive structure has stood practically unshaken to this day. Reiterated in 1876 and 1880, the dogma found fuller expression in the platform of 1884:

"It is the first duty of a good government to protect the rights and *promote the interests* of its own people. The largest diversity of industry is most productive of general prosperity and of the comfort and independence of the people. We therefore demand that the imposition of duties on foreign imports shall be made, *not for revenue only*, but that, in raising the requisite revenues for the government, such duties shall be so levied as to *afford security to our diversified industries* and protection to the rights and wages of the laborers, to the end that active and intelligent labor, as well as capital, may have its just reward, and the laboring man his full share in the national prosperity."

The Republican candidate, not the Republican party, was defeated. Blaine, not Protection, was the issue. So the party descried and, in 1888, renewed its declaration of faith with pristine courage and sharp defiance. This, the forceful and pregnant utterance:

"We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection. We protest against its destruction, as proposed by the President and his party. They serve the interests of Europe; we will support the interests of America. We accept the issue, and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment. . . . We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to place wool on the free list, and we insist that the duties

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thereon shall be adjusted and maintained so as to furnish full and adequate protection to that industry."

Harrison was elected. Another triumph for affirmation and aggressiveness. Four years later the leaders wavered and substituted for the uncompromising declaration of 1888 these insipid words:

"We reaffirm the American doctrine of protection. We call attention to its growth abroad. We maintain that the prosperous condition of our country is largely due to the wise revenue legislation of the Republican Congress."

By contrast, pusillanimous. Harrison was defeated. Enter McKinley, the apostle of Protection, in 1896, upon this platform:

"We renew and *emphasize* our allegiance to the policy of protection as the *bulwark* of American industrial independence and the foundation of American development and prosperity."

Again in 1900 faith in the policy of Protection was "renewed" and McKinley was re-elected.

So, too, in 1904, under the guidance of the shrewdest of politicians, then occupying the White House, came this unfaltering declaration:

"Protection which guards and develops our industries is a *cardinal policy* of the Republican party. . . . We insist upon the maintenance of the principles of protection."

And in 1908, after promising revision, neither upward nor downward, an expansion of the doctrine thus:

"In all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, *together with a reasonable profit to American industries.*"

The added phrase was clearly a virtual guaranty of profits to American manufacturers engaged in competition with foreigners—a step in advance of any proposal theretofore put forward in elucidation of Protection as a policy. And yet, so far from balking, the country elected Mr. Taft by an overwhelming majority.

What then do we find? Simply this: With Protection to *promote industries* as its "bulwark," its "cardinal policy," the Republican party has elected seven and installed eight Presidents out of the last ten chosen. Moreover, Tilden re-

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ceived a majority of votes; not because of the tariff issue, but as a reformer, and Cleveland's victory over Blaine was purely personal. That the unpopular McKinley bill was largely responsible for Cleveland's second triumph there can be no doubt, but it is worthy of note that in that year, 1892, the Republican party lowered its Protection banner and, four years later, when it "emphasized" its devotion to "Protection as the bulwark of industrial independence," it won. No principle enunciated in the history of our country has been so steadfastly sustained by the people as Protection when stoutly upheld by the Republican party.

What now? Is the "bulwark" to be abandoned? Is the "cardinal policy" to be repudiated and discarded? What else can President Taft, the leader of his party, mean when he opens the door to competitive products, pronounces the duties on woolen goods indefensible and declares, as he is reported to have declared in a speech in Providence:

"We must recognize that the time for the Chinese wall is gone. Before an industry receives protection now it must demonstrate the need of that protection, and it must not ask for more protection than it needs."

Strange and noteworthy words, these! Confession, first; confession that, contrary to Republican insistence for a score of years, a "Chinese wall" has indeed been maintained by the Republican party. Confession, too, that industries have in fact received protection without demonstrating their need of it and have sought and obtained more protection than was required. But, humiliating as these admissions must be, they sink into insignificance when compared with the President's obvious abandonment of Protection as a cardinal principle designed to "promote industry," to the end "that active and intelligent labor, as well as capital, shall have its just reward."

How can Protection, under such restrictions, continue to be "not for revenue only," but "a bulwark of American industrial independence and the foundation of American development and prosperity"? It is, and has been since 1872, a first tenet of the Republican party that a new industry, in particular, should not be required to demonstrate its need of protection; the need has been assumed as a requisite to development. Nor, under Protection as a bulwark, can a manufacturer now profiting from exclusion of foreign products be forbidden or expected to ask for no more than he needs to keep his factories going, for the simple reason

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that no margin would be left for that expansion which is regarded as the chief advantage of the protective system.

It is quite true, moreover, that a tariff designed to promote development must be "a harmonious whole," because of the great diversity and intertwining of specific industries. Consequently the proposed treaty with Canada does in fact, in the words of a Republican leader in Congress, make a breach in the wall of Protection which may prove irreparable; but, deplorable as this possibility may seem to supporters of the system, it need hardly be considered when contrasted with the President's proposal to tear down the wall itself. That, as we have said, presages complete renunciation of the one Republican policy which has been sustained by the people for nearly forty years.

That President Taft so understands and accepts the situation created by himself is clearly evidenced by his speech delivered in Indianapolis upon Independence Day. Defending himself against accusations of backsliding, he appealed to Blaine and McKinley as sponsors for his Canadian policy. The former, he declared, "attempted to secure an amendment to one of the tariff laws in which the subjects for reciprocity mentioned were articles in which foreign countries would compete with us in our own markets." He spoke truly, of course, but he refrained from adding that Blaine's action was not only not ratified, but was not even referred to by the Republican party in its next national convention. "More than this," he continued, "McKinley had negotiated a number of treaties in which duties were reduced or abolished on a number of products which would compete in our markets." But again Mr. Taft failed to note the fact that the Republican party, acting through its representatives in Congress, made but two minor agreements effective. He continued, however:

> "The truth is, if you will read the last speech of McKinley, you will see that he speaks in this connection of duties which have become unnecessary and that might well be abolished. By that he meant duties which could be taken off commodities, foreign competition in which we could safely meet in our own markets."

Mr. McKinley may have meant such duties, but if so his language was surely less explicit than might have been expected. In his inaugural address, delivered but a few months before, he left no room for doubt. These were his words:

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"The end in view must always be the opening up of new markets for the products of our country by granting concessions to the products of other lands that we *need and cannot produce ourselves* and which do not involve any loss of labor to our people, but tend to increase their employment."

This was in precise accord with the platform upon which McKinley was elected:

"We favor the associated policy of reciprocity, so directed as to open our markets on favorable terms for what we *do not ourselves produce* in return for free foreign markets."

With John Sherman's definition:

"To grant to foreign nations the reciprocal right of free importation into our ports of articles *which we cannot produce* in return for free introduction into foreign ports of articles of American production is reciprocity."

With President Arthur's message:

"The conditions of these treaties should be the free admission of such merchandise as this country *does not produce* in return for the admission free or under a favored scheme of duties of our own products."

And with the very definite declaration of principles set forth in the Republican campaign book of 1908, under President Taft's administration:

"*Republican reciprocity is reciprocity in non-competing articles, and nothing else.*"

To insist that aught else is now or ever has been accepted Republican doctrine is obviously futile. To argue that mere recommendations, not only never adopted, but ostentatiously ignored by the party, constitute an established tenet, is ridiculous. But in reaching for partisan authority Mr. Taft goes yet further by inference when he says:

"The Republican party in its last national platform declared in favor of tariff duties which would measure only the difference in the cost of production of articles here and of articles abroad."

The declaration to which he referred reads as follows:

"In all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, *together with a reasonable profit to American industries.*"

This is very far removed from a pronouncement "in favor of tariff duties which would measure *only the difference in the cost of production* of articles here and of articles abroad." It is the quintessence of protection to American industries. Why did Mr. Taft omit all reference to those

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pregnant words which safeguard the interests of home manufactures? Was it by inadvertence or because the asseveration does not accord with his conclusion, to wit:

"In other words, the sound Republican doctrine has become the imposition of duties only where the conditions are naturally unequal and where duties are necessary in order to enable our manufacturers and other producers to meet on a level the competition of foreign producers."

Not the "sound Republican doctrine" that "was" or "is" or ever has been, but that "has become." Since when? No such definition of the Republican party's "cardinal policy" ever appeared in a Republican platform or was ever uttered by an authorized Republican spokesman from Abraham Lincoln to William H. Taft until the Fourth of July in the present year of our Lord. It is a plain, unequivocal disavowal of Protection to American industries as a principle of the Republican party.

The question is: Will the Republican party follow its leader? Hasty minds have jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Taft's judgment has undergone material modification, if not, indeed, a distinct reversal, since he pronounced the present tariff measure the best ever enacted. But no such admission has come from his lips, and we perceive no reason for the assumption. It is far more likely that, feeling an obligation to his party to be heedful of public opinion, he recognizes the desirability of submitting temporarily to motives of expediency.

But whatever may be the real cause of Mr. Taft's seemingly heretical action, whether his change be of heart or of judgment, there can be no question that the Republican party, as a whole, is not yet a convert to low tariff policies. Protection is not merely its chief principle; it is its only one; quite as clearly the cornerstone of the structure to-day as at any previous time. Whether removal of the cornerstone now would leave the Republican party in a stronger position to win in either 1912 or 1916 than it would hold as a consequence of steadfast adherence to the doctrine which has been upheld by the people for nearly forty years is a question which the party itself must determine.

Can it be possible that President Taft has blundered and is leading the great Republican army into a quagmire of apostasy from which extrication can be achieved, if at all, only with the extremest difficulty? THE EDITOR.

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THE NEXT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

BY AN EX-DEMOCRAT

THE barriers of party have been breaking down so seriously in recent years that it is no longer possible to forecast with certainty what a community will do in a future election by the record of what it has done in some previous election, however near in point of time. To go no further back than 1904, when five States which gave overwhelming pluralities for President Roosevelt elected on the same day Democratic Governors, there has come to be a wide difference between the vote given for a candidate who commands popular confidence and another of the same party at the same time who fails to command the same degree of confidence or of popularity.

These facts constitute a warning both to the triumphant Democracy of last year and to the party which up to last March had for fourteen years controlled the Federal Government. The essential lesson of recent elections is that the people are governed much less by party names than by their judgment of the qualifications of the candidates and of the wisdom of the policies advocated. There was hardly any issue in the Presidential election of 1908 but that of the personal qualities of the candidates and the probable capacity for government of the party organizations behind them. That the election was not decided upon purely party lines is evident from the fact that Ohio, Minnesota, and other States which voted for President Taft elected at the same time Democratic Governors. Perhaps equally significant is the fact that even in those States which elected Republican Governors the vote cast for President Taft was in many cases greatly in excess of that given the candidate of his party for Governor and other officers.

The election of 1908 practically turned upon the fact that the Republican party had shown constructive ability dur-

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ing its twelve years of power, from 1896 up to that time, and that its candidates gave promise of a continuance of the same constructive policy, as opposed to one of negation, uncertainty, and disturbance on the part of the candidates of the opposition. The vital question in the Presidential election of 1912 will be whether the party now in power at the White House and in the Senate has forfeited its reputation for legislating intelligently, and the other party has in some measure acquired such a reputation. The elections of last fall were a sobering monition to the Republican party that it had not fully met the expectations of the people. These elections did not, however, when carefully analyzed, indicate anything more than a temporary withdrawal of support by a considerable number of Republican or independent voters. They did not indicate the permanent conversion of a large body of Republicans to Democratic theories of economic or political science. This is evidenced by the fact that in most cases where great Democratic victories appeared upon the face of the returns the total Democratic vote was smaller than in the Presidential election of 1908.

The following table gives the comparative Democratic vote for Governor in five States which elected Democratic Governors last year and in one State which elected a Democratic Governor in 1908, while giving a large plurality for Mr. Taft for President:

DEMOCRATIC VOTE FOR GOVERNOR

	1910.	1908.	Decrease 1910.
New York	689,700	735,189	45,489
New Jersey	283,682	*206,808	†76,874
Connecticut	77,243	82,260	5,017
Massachusetts	229,352	168,162	†61,190
Ohio	477,077	552,569	75,492
Minnesota	103,779	175,136	71,357

Obviously from this table Governor Dix would find it necessary, as a Presidential candidate, to increase his vote by many tens of thousands in order to overcome the vote of 870,000 which was given in New York in 1908 for Judge Taft. Governor Baldwin would have to increase his vote by about 35,000, or more than forty per cent., to equal the vote of 112,815 given in Connecticut for Taft, while Judge Harmon would have to increase his vote by 95,000 to equal

* Vote for Congressmen; no election for Governor.

† Increase.

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the Taft vote in Ohio of 572,000. Only in New Jersey and Massachusetts was there a material increase in the Democratic vote for Governor last year over the party vote in 1908. But even the large vote for Governor Foss in the Bay State falls 36,000 below the Taft vote of 266,000 in 1908, and the vote for President Wilson in New Jersey exceeds by only about 18,000 the Taft vote of 265,300 in 1908. It is possible that these figures support the contention of the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW that "The Problem, the Solution, and the Man" are exemplified for the Democratic party in Governor Wilson. It will hardly be contended, however, that Massachusetts is a doubtful State in a Presidential election, unless the Republicans commit unthinkable follies, or that New York, in view of recent events, is at all likely to vote Democratic, unless the conduct of the Democratic party in Congress far exceeds in wisdom and conservatism the conduct of the party organization within the State.

The essential lesson of the election of 1908—that the great body of independent voters trusted the policies of Judge Taft and did not trust those of Mr. Bryan—cannot be said to have been negatived by the elections of 1910. Judge Taft was so far ahead of the Republican State ticket in the vote of 1908 in the important doubtful States that even the Democratic gains of last fall would not have wiped out his lead in the States necessary to control the election. In New York, to illustrate the point, the excess of the plurality for Judge Taft in 1908 over that given Mr. Hughes for Governor was 133,140 votes. The plurality for Mr. Dix last autumn was 67,401. This would wipe out only about half of Mr. Taft's advantage in pluralities and would have given him the State by a plurality of more than 65,000. In Connecticut corresponding figures would have shown a safe Republican plurality of nearly 25,000 and in Massachusetts of 15,000. In Ohio a similar comparison would show a small margin in favor of Governor Harmon and in New Jersey a still smaller one—practically a tie—in favor of Governor Wilson. The salient lesson of these figures seems to be that if the same voters who last autumn elected Dix, Baldwin, Foss, Harmon, and Wilson Democratic Governors of their respective States had voted on the same day for President, they would have carried for Judge Taft New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, even if they had permitted New

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Jersey and Ohio to give small pluralities for the Democratic candidate.

These figures justify also the conclusion that the election of last autumn, while a severe rebuke to the Republican party, was very far from being a vote of confidence in the Democratic party. Undoubtedly it is fallacious reasoning to conclude from a decline in the total vote which seems to be one-sided that the absentees were all of one party and that changes from the Republican to the Democratic side did not occur; but these changes came evidently from the class of men who voted for Taft at the same time that they voted for Democratic Governors in 1908 and who are likely to be found ready to vote for Taft again in 1912, unless the Democratic party shows both capacity for constructive measures and determination not to be used as a stalking-horse for opposition to the policies which have so expanded the influence and prestige of the country since the election of President McKinley in 1896. In other words, the result of the elections of last autumn is to put both parties upon their good behavior, and the question of the result next year is largely the question which party most clearly demonstrates its capacity for such good behavior in the future.

The problems before the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives are difficult and delicate, even if the party had not in times past exhibited only a mediocre capacity for cohesion and constructive work. In regard to the tariff, there is no doubt that the old fetish of extreme protectionism has lost its glamour and become stained and weather-beaten. It is no longer a crime for either Republican or Democrat to question the sanctity of existing schedules. Much more difficult, however, than pointing out inconsistencies in these schedules is the work of modifying them in a manner which will afford any real benefits to consumers.

To some extent the results of tariff revision, even if attained in a conservative and sound manner, are likely to prove illusory. There are rates which are high, where the industry is so well established that reductions would not increase imports, at least for a considerable period of time. American manufacturers control the market and the means of distribution. They have in many such cases, moreover, through competition among themselves, reduced prices to a point where the importer can no longer find the large profits

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in the sale of foreign goods which he could exact when they were exceptional luxuries in this country and he was the only source of supply. Protection has in such cases accomplished its purposes and can be wisely done away with or reduced. In these cases, however, and in many others, the results of tariff reductions to the consumer would materialize in "much cry and little wool."

The serious problem for the present Congress is whether this policy of trifling corrections is to be the policy of the Democratic leaders or they are to adopt a distinctive programme departing radically from the policy of the country in the past. Whether a new departure would result ultimately, after the transition pangs were over, in benefits to the economic system of the country is not the question under discussion here. The essential question is what course can be adopted having so much promise of immediate benefits and so little promise of injury to industry and labor as to be politically practicable. For convenience the possible alternatives before the Democratic party in regard to the tariff may be reduced to three — a purely revenue tariff, which would levy nearly the same ad valorem rates on raw materials as on finished goods; the complete reconstruction of our fiscal system by substituting income and excise taxes for the tariff as the chief source of revenue; and the continuance of the protective system in substance, with reductions here and there in existing duties.

All but the last of these policies would involve economic upheaval and political revolt in Democratic States, even if they could be justified in the court of abstract economic theory. A purely revenue tariff means nearly as complete an abandonment of existing policies as would the adoption of a new fiscal system. And at the end of the latter road lies State socialism. The country may reach it in some distant future, when a Lloyd-George arises, dowered with the eloquence of a Bryan and the constructive ability of a Gallatin; but only after many contests and repeated defeats at the polls could such a programme become the fixed economic policy of the country.

Judging, moreover, from the past, there does not exist among Democratic leaders either the constructive ability, the courage, or the political power to carry out a reorganization on abstract scientific lines of our system of taxation. Constructive ability for such a work involves profound and

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unprejudiced study of the fiscal history of the world from ancient to modern times. Courage is required sufficient to face the results of the economic upheaval and prolonged distress which would almost inevitably accompany the transition from a system fortified by sixty years of experience—even if such a transition were more disturbing and acute by the measure that the existing system departs from the correct economic ideal. The lack of power to adopt a radical policy is a natural corollary of the reasons which cause the lack of courage. The membership of the Democratic party is made up, like that of the Republican party, of hundreds of thousands of men who do not live and think in a vacuum, but whose employment and personal fortunes are bound up with the orderly working of the existing mechanism of industry. Within their own party ranks they would put a veto on the policy of a Peel or a Lloyd-George, even more resolutely than Gorman and other Democratic Senators did on the generally moderate tariff reforms of Cleveland and William L. Wilson in 1894.

The problem of changing the economic policy of a country is a much more serious one to-day than it was in the days of Huskisson and Peel or of Calhoun and Robert J. Walker. By the rapid development of production by machinery the amount of capital invested in the mechanism of production has come to exceed by many times the value of the annual product. Any economic change which would mean that the existing railway equipment of the country or its existing manufacturing equipment of several billions should go to the scrap-heap would mean the destruction of more capital value than the workers in these industries could replace in many years. Whatever the merits of any new policy, therefore, it cannot be put in force by conservative statesmen without measuring carefully the cost of the transition. In considering these elements lies the difference between the agitator and the statesman—the former aiming straight at ideals without taking account of time; the latter studying carefully the effect of transition from old conditions to new upon the living generation. And if the cost of transition appears to be greater than the profit gained within the living generation, the wise statesman is apt to proceed slowly with the transition or to bequeath it to his successors.

Under these circumstances, it may be conceded to the Democratic party that even if, in the matter of changes of

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tariff policy, it takes, in platform declarations and on the stump, the attitude of the agitator, in practical legislation it is not likely to get further than mildly tinkering the existing economic structure. People may listen with gaping mouths and seeming enthusiasm to declarations that protection is "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," but they are likely to dismiss such declamation with about the same respect for its preachers as they felt for the preacher of that other disturbing doctrine of fifteen years ago, that "The gold standard is a conspiracy against the human race." And what shall it profit the country if Democratic leaders, after violent mouthings on the hustings, end with "the lame and impotent conclusion" to compromise with the hydra-head of protection at eighty or ninety per cent. of its old privileges, upon the trivial and evasive excuse that customs revenues are made necessary by Republican extravagance? Will the country care to pay the price in industrial upheaval and business uncertainty for so insignificant an outcome of the labor of the mountain?

Not alone within factory walls will a Democratic triumph bring uncertainty, but in many other quarters. A change of political control often brings important results in fields which have not been much raked and harrowed in the ordinary discussions of the campaign. In at least two such fields Democratic control at Washington after 1912 would be likely to invoke hesitation and distrust, perhaps gradually ripening into business prostration and dangerous complications with foreign powers. These two fields are those of finance and our policy in our dependencies and in Latin America.

The menace to sound financial policy involved in the last Bryan campaign (in 1908) received scant discussion in concrete form, but it was undoubtedly one of the factors in the undercurrent of feeling which prevailed that the sober judgment of the business community would give Judge Taft a safe majority. The more responsible Democratic leaders undoubtedly repent in secret, even if they do not care to make public penance, for the free-silver folly of 1896. It is not necessary to twit them unduly with that financial and political "brain-storm," even though they felt compelled, in 1900, to "reaffirm and indorse the principles of the national Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in 1896" and to demand again "free and unlimited coinage of silver

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and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." It does not lie in the mouth of the Republican party to claim a stainless past in financial matters, with its history of the issue of the irredeemable greenback over the protest of the financial community, its adoption of the rigid and clumsy system of bond-secured bank-notes, or the much more recent folly of the Sherman silver-purchase law of 1890, which all but sent the country to the silver basis.

Political parties are entitled to the credit of the progress which they make and for the abandonment of past errors; but they are justly held responsible for their recent acts and for the ineffaceable marks of their essential character. Tried by these reasonable tests, the recent declarations and policies of the Democratic party are not such as to inspire confidence in its constructive and safe conduct of the public finances. It might not enact free silver; it might not in time of peace suspend gold payments or issue irredeemable paper. But the essential question is, could it be trusted in case of stress to follow the dictates of sound and enlightened economic policy, to maintain confidence in the national credit, and to take strong and resolute measures to keep the public treasury full and the gold standard unimpaired? If it could be trusted to do these things, then not only its immediate policies but its fundamental character have changed radically since President Cleveland and his great Secretaries of the Treasury—Manning, Fairchild, and Carlisle—struggled in vain with a divided party to adopt policies coherent, sane, and progressive.

Unfortunately, the recent past of the Democratic party does not contain the evidence that this revolution in its character has taken place. At the last national convention of the party in 1908 this declaration was made:

> "We believe that in so far as the needs of commerce require an emergency currency such currency should be issued, controlled by the Federal Government, and loaned on adequate security to national and State banks. We pledge ourselves to legislation under which the national banks shall be required to establish a guarantee fund for the prompt payment of the depositors of any insolvent national bank under an equitable system which shall be available to all State banking institutions which wish to use it."

It is not necessary to dwell at length upon the low scale of financial intelligence embodied in these propositions. The first, if it means anything, means a harking back to the

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follies of government paper issues, which sane governments, even in South America, have long since repudiated. The second means the extension of the blanket of official protection over all banks, good, bad, and indifferent, with no inducement to the depositor to prefer the well-managed bank to the rotten one. There is much to be said in favor of insuring bank assets, and the complete data on the subject make it practicable to determine the terms and the risk almost as accurately as in the case of life insurance; but the insurers should have the right to decide who shall be accepted for insurance and thereby to draw a sharp line between the sound and the unsound—the healthy, temperate institution of steady habits and good character and the banking morphine-fiend and boozer, which may at any moment collapse with the sudden bursting of an artery rendered brittle by the arterial sclerosis of fast financial living.

The platform declaration of 1908 might be passed over as a mere incident of political blundering if this excuse did not raise the question why there was not some one among Democratic leaders at a national convention who did not have the good sense and the influence to check such blundering. The answer to this question can, perhaps, be legitimately sought in the financial policies of the party, since it received from the people a charter of power in the House of Representatives in the elections of last autumn. One of the measures passed by the Republican majority in Congress before going out of power was a bill which prohibited the employment of the Panama Canal bonds to be hereafter issued as the basis for bank-note circulation. It was a long, firm step toward severing the relation between the volume of currency and the public debt, toward which sane students of finance have been working for years. A Democratic minority of the committee charged with considering the bill actually reported against this provision, on the ground that it would protect existing bonds from depreciation and thereby benefit the banks. The amazing spectacle was thus presented by the representatives of the Democratic party, which had all through the fight over resumption opposed the national bank currency, of advancing with flying banners in 1910 to the abandoned Republican camping-ground of 1864!

Another measure of sinister import as to the temper of the new Democratic majority in Congress is the bill of Representative Fitzgerald of New York, cutting off the right

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of the Treasury to borrow a limited amount of money on one-year notes. There is hardly a civilized government in the world which has not some such power as this, in order to anticipate the collection of the taxes or to provide for temporary emergencies. The authority to borrow in anticipation of the taxes is one of the commonest votes of a New England town meeting and is constantly exercised by the city of New York. That the Treasury lacked this power, or was slow to exercise it, was one of the cumulative causes of our prolonged financial agonies from 1893 to 1897. That a bill crippling the Government in this particular should be introduced by a Socialist member from Milwaukee or from one of the new lands of economic experiment in the Southwest might not be surprising, but that it should come from a representative of the commercial metropolis of the country, and a man who has been long enough in Congress to rise to the position of chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, is a rather disquieting indication of the mental horizon on financial subjects of men now in authority.

On the subject of a resolute maintenance of American prestige in the dependencies and at foreign courts there is also reason to doubt whether a policy at once dignified, consistent, and strong could be expected from a Democratic administration. Such a policy no doubt might be expected in the executive department from a man like Governor Harmon, Governor Wilson, or Governor Baldwin; but in view of the attitude of Mr. Bryan and a large element in the party, it is doubtful whether a resolute policy on the part of the executive would not be hampered and partially nullified by divisions in the legislative branch of the government, just as the financial reforms of President Cleveland were so largely nullified.

Especially would this danger exist in respect to the dependencies acquired in the war with Spain and in respect to the execution of contracts into which the Government of the United States has entered with Santo Domingo and proposes to enter with other powers of deranged finances. Whether the present policy in the Philippines is ethically sound or not, it is certain that abortive agitation in America for the abandonment of that policy would cause restlessness in the islands which might result in bloodshed. The practical question would be, not what policy is ideally the best, but whether a Democratic administration would have the

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constructive capacity and the cohesion to adopt *any* policy. If it is desirable that the Philippines should be relegated to the control of a local oligarchy or to any other new body of governors, and the Democratic party would enter resolutely upon the execution of that policy, it would be at least entitled to credit for the courage of its convictions. What is to be feared from past experience is that the agitation of the subject would invoke disturbance, compel increased expenditure for military and naval purposes, and perhaps evoke useless bloodshed, without the adoption on the part of a Democratic administration of any policy more tangible than that of inflaming the passions of the excitable and disappointing the hopes of the more sober among the Filipinos.

In the field of American aid in establishing honest financial methods in countries which have heretofore been disturbed by revolution and financial incompetence, making it possible for those countries to enter on the path of orderly progress, experience dictates the fear that there would be just enough uncertainty regarding the attitude of a Democratic administration to impair the solidity of existing settlements and cause disturbances in the financial world, without the adoption of any new and clear-cut policy. In the last analysis a Democratic President would probably feel compelled in this field to follow about the policy of a Republican President. The danger is that he would follow it with such halting steps and after so much paltering and delay that he would do at least half the harm which would be done by a deliberate and courageous abandonment of the obligations which in these matters the United States has assumed.

None of these matters present in their practical form a great issue which might stir public opinion to its depths; but they present about the same sort of issue which was presented in 1908, when the country decided that Judge Taft would be a safer President than Mr. Bryan by a plurality of 1,271,000 votes, and decided at the same time that it preferred a Republican to a Democratic Congress by a plurality of 687,000 votes. The elections of 1910 showed a Democratic plurality in the vote for Congress of 129,000 votes, or a Republican net loss of 816,000; but neither these figures nor the evidences of public opinion indicate that President Taft is now in a minority in the confidence of the people.

The real battle of next year is likely to center in the States of New York and Ohio, with very little chance of

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Democratic success without the electoral vote of both or of New York alone. Ingenious combinations can be made up by which a Democratic candidate might win without New York, if he carried Ohio, but they involve such narrow margins and improbable eddies and side-currents of public opinion that they hardly afford profitable matter for speculation. The Southern States will lose somewhat in relative strength by the new apportionment. Out of an increase of forty-two electors under the Crumpacker plan, the South gains but ten, leaving thirty-two gained by States which have in recent Presidential elections voted Republican, except Colorado with a gain of one. The old "solid South," moreover, includes West Virginia, with a gain of one, which has voted Republican in every Presidential election since 1892; Delaware, with the same record; and Missouri and Maryland, which have in late years been very close, Missouri voting twice for a Republican President and even choosing the Republican State ticket in the Democratic tidal wave of last year.

The united South, with Nebraska, Colorado, and Nevada (three States which voted for Bryan in 1908), and with Indiana, Montana, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Ohio, would give the Democratic candidate under the new apportionment a total of 267 votes, or four more than the number necessary to elect. This is an attractive combination, but when it is considered that it would fail by the elimination of the single State of Nebraska, or New Jersey, or Maryland, or Indiana, or West Virginia, or Colorado, or Missouri, or by the loss of the two States of Nevada and Montana, or of either of these States and Delaware, it is evident that a chain of this sort, no stronger than its weakest link, would be likely to give way at some point where perhaps weakness was least suspected.

Upon the winning of New York, therefore, must depend, as in the campaigns of 1880, 1884, 1888, and 1892, the real possibility of Democratic success. The Empire State will have, under the new apportionment, forty-five Presidential electors, seven more than her nearest rival, Pennsylvania, and not far below double the twenty-four of Ohio. If the Democrats can carry New York, they can afford with equanimity to see Ohio swing back to her Republican moorings, and even to carry with her a group of smaller doubtful States. The South with its 175 electoral votes, even with-

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out West Virginia and Delaware, supported by the forty-five votes of New York, the fourteen of New Jersey, the seven of Connecticut, the six of Colorado, the three of Nevada, and the fifteen of Indiana, can elect a President, even with Mr. Bryan blowing cold upon a conservative candidate in Nebraska, with Ohio loyal to its Republican traditions, and with the other States west of the Mississippi voting as in 1908.

How, then, to carry New York? In the answer to this question lies the crux of the Democratic situation. If the party could be marshaled as a cohesive whole, under leadership strong, sane, and clear-sighted, it might be possible to present candidates and a platform which were a pledge of security to business enterprise and abstinence from radical agitation. The few Western States which have occasionally voted Democratic could then be left to knife the ticket as remorselessly as Mr. Bryan's followers knifed that loyal Democrat, Judge Parker, in 1904. The size of Republican majorities in those States would make no difference if the South joined the group of doubtful Eastern States in voting for the Democratic candidate. But where is the leadership to be found to map out such a policy or to enforce it by a two-thirds majority upon a Democratic national convention? Is it to be found among the followers of Mr. Bryan? or in the leadership of Champ Clark, or Oscar W. Underwood, or Henry George, or Mr. Fitzgerald of New York? Or is it to be found in the profound political foresight of Charles F. Murphy?

If such a policy is not attainable, what is left for the Democratic national organization but a choice between the policy of radicalism, which the country has three times repudiated, and the policy of incoherent criticism of Republican measures and policies, without venturing to propose anything definite and constructive in their place?

It is not unnatural that a liberty-loving people should desire to intrust the powers of government at intervals to a party so catholic in its traditions and so glorious in its early achievements as the Democratic party. Its name is a true definition of the great work in behalf of the political emancipation of the Caucasian race and the extension of universal suffrage, freedom of religious worship, and equality before the law which were the crowning glories of the administrations of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.

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But that work has been done. The problems before the country to-day require a very different order of statesmanship from that of the great Revolutionary leaders or even that of Benton and Calhoun, of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan.

In some respects the antagonism between the Democratic party and the Republican party bears the stamp of the difference between the Greeks and Romans of antiquity—the former marked by that independence of thought and action which contributed admirably to the development of the individual, but which went down in the conflict with the more cohesively organized and disciplined forces of Rome. Beautiful as is the ideal of individualism, the world has not yet reached the point where organization, party discipline, and the leadership of men in great masses are not essential to government, and pre-eminently so to the government of an empire of many millions of people and hundreds of the islands of the sea.

Hence both in England and America the party making the lesser appeal to the body of the people from the democratic point of view has been almost continuously kept in power when there was constructive work to be done. Often —as in the case when Gladstone accepted the occupation of Egypt—the Democratic party organization has been compelled to accept the necessities of a resolute national policy or confess itself lacking in national spirit. It would probably be thus with the Democratic party in the United States —that if installed in power its fulminations against the extension of American influence throughout the world would taper off into a half-hearted and halting acceptance of Republican measures rather than a direct repudiation and abandonment of them. But for the best constructive work is always essential the man or the organization which is convinced, enthusiastic, and capable of unity of action. Upon these grounds the Republican party will be able to make the same appeal to the judgment of those voters who seek financial security and the extension of national prestige which it made in 1900 and in later years, in spite of the evasive mutterings of Mr. Bryan against sound finance and even of sound-money Democrats against the policy which became ours with the lowering of the Spanish flag over the ships and forts in the Bay of Manila.

The Republican party, after the election of President

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McKinley by the almost undivided vote of the business community, entered upon a new career. By the necessities of the war with Spain it became the executor of a policy of imperial expansion which has given the United States a new place among the nations and an influence which extends to the remote Orient as well as over the American hemisphere. The new problems of railway and corporate regulation have been faced, under President Roosevelt and President Taft, with constructive ability which has, perhaps, gone too far at times in causing apprehensions among men of business, but has gone nothing like as far as the radical pronouncements of the opposition. Order has been restored to the national finances by the adoption of the gold standard and provision for an emergency currency, which seem about to be capped by the creation of a central banking mechanism capable of endowing our producers with the capacity to compete on an equality with their rivals abroad. It was the conviction of the thinking element in the community that Judge Taft would continue this policy of orderly progress, without unnecessary disturbance to capital or labor, which resulted in his election in 1908 over Mr. Bryan, and, in spite of reverses to Republican State candidates last year, there is no conclusive evidence that this conviction has changed.

EX-DEMOCRAT.

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ASPECTS OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

I.

THE past fifty years have witnessed in nearly all progressive and highly civilized countries, and in some also, such as Russia, that hardly warrant either adjective, a great and an increasing extension of the functions and activities of the State. It is the outstanding political characteristic of the times we live in, the fact by which our epoch may perhaps be chiefly remembered. Half a century ago the instinctive feeling of the average man was that the less there was of government the better. So long as the institutions under which he lived fulfilled with reasonable efficiency the rôle of a superior policeman and protected personal and property rights he was content. It was all, or almost all, he asked of them. He lacked what we should call to-day the larger civic consciousness; he had little conception of a *régime* powerful for positive as well as for negative ends, and of a community organized and using its collective strength and energy for purposes of constructive and universal beneficence; it hardly occurred to him to make of local or national administration an agency for the active promotion of the common welfare; he retained in something like its pristine freshness the robust pioneer spirit of individualism; and so far from welcoming, he resented and strongly opposed everything that smacked of official meddlesomeness. We are far removed from him to-day; he seems in our eyes a poor, stunted, almost inexplicable figure; we can hardly recapture even the most meager vision of the state of mind which led John Bright, for instance, to oppose the Factory Acts and the Southern members of Congress to resist the despatch of Federal assistance to the victims of a Texan flood. Nowadays the presumption is held to be all in favor of the State doing the things that our fathers and grand-

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fathers either did not do at all or left to private initiative. At innumerable points of our social and industrial life we find the municipality, the State or County, or the nation obtruding itself with an assertiveness that, as compared with fifty years ago, marks nothing less than a revolution in the attitude of men toward the deeper problems of modern politics. It would be a fascinating venture to explore the various economic, moral and social forces that have brought about this revolution and to estimate the probabilities of its provoking a reaction. But here I am concerned with only one, though a very important, side of the general movement. The relations between the community, on the one hand, and the public utilities on the other; the effects of the entrance of the State into the industrial field as the owner and operator or lessor of undertakings previously under private control; the balance that has been and that should be established between the interests of the public and the monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic enterprises that exist to serve the public—these are matters that not only open up a wide and rich sphere of political inquiry, but that are to-day among the most vital problems confronting the practical statesman; and it is with these that I hope to deal.

Anybody venturing upon such an investigation finds himself obliged at the outset to make clear his fundamental point of view and to proclaim the particular "theory of State" in the light of which he proposes to grope his way. But in this matter I must confess to being in the extremely unfashionable plight of having no fundamental point of view and no "theory of State" at all. I am not a Socialist who believes in the nationalization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange, and who, therefore, sympathizes as a matter of course with the public ownership of everything ownable. I am not an Individualist of the extreme school that believes in the superiority at all times and under all circumstances of private enterprise over the action of the State. What is more, I am profoundly sceptical of any attempt to solve political problems by constant reference to a set of absolute laws. One of the most common and preposterous fallacies of our times is to suppose that there are any political dogmas which are universally true or any political prescription which can be applied indiscriminately or any political machinery which does not depend for nine-tenths of its value upon the engineers and the

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local conditions under which they work. We see this fallacy at work on all sides and in a hundred forms. We see men brandishing the formulæ and maxims and shibboleths of modern Occidental democracy without the ghost of a suspicion that what is good for Wisconsin may not be equally good for the Philippines, or that principles which work well enough in Great Britain may not be equally successful in India. We see, again, whole communities, with the United States in their van, dominated and demoralized by the superstition of the statute-book, persuading themselves that abuses, wrongs and shortcomings, whatever their nature, can all be remedied by some purely mechanical readjustment, some legislative expedient, some amendment of the external accessories of government. This faith in the universality of political notions that have derived whatever efficacy and validity they possess from the peculiar circumstances of special epochs or particular localities, and this confidence in the remedial virtues of mere machinery, seem to me to be the chief source of most of the loose philosophy and raw legislation that characterize our modern politics. They are delusions that ought to be fought and guarded against at all times. But in any dispassionate discussion of the manifold and intricate problems that are intertwined with the question of Public Ownership it is vital to exclude them. The type of mind which argues that because Glasgow has made a success in owning and operating the local service of street-cars, therefore Pittsburg or San Francisco would be equally successful and should at once follow in Glasgow's footsteps, is a type of mind that really ought not to be allowed to meddle with politics. It is fundamentally incapable of appreciating the fact that the forces which determine the success or failure of any and every political experiment are infinitely more local than general and more personal than mechanical.

The *credo,* then, which is the starting-point of these articles is that each case in which the question of Public Ownership is involved should be decided on its merits and without reference to any *a priori* views; that the ultimate test in every given instance is the test of Expediency—meaning by that the needs, the political character and conditions of the people immediately affected and the nature of the enterprise they are contemplating; that analogies drawn from the experiences of other towns or countries are in general

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to be received not only with caution, but with suspicion; that Public Ownership in itself is neither an essentially good thing nor an essentially bad one; and that the more or the less of it argues nothing as to the happiness, prosperity or civilization of any particular community. This, I am aware, must seem an abjectly unphilosophical and negative creed to those who favor an extension of Public Ownership in the name of "freedom" and "equality of opportunity," and to those also who oppose it in the name of some abstract principle which they label Individualism. But it has at least the advantage of enabling one to study the whole question with detachment and with an exclusive desire to ascertain the facts. This is an attitude of mind not easily attained by those who regard the acquisition and operation of the local gas-works or electric-lighting plant by a municipality or of the railroads by a State as an inherent sign of either progress or retrogression. A very able English economist, Mr. J. A. Hobson, was recently defining the reforms to which English Liberalism should devote itself in order to secure for individuals a larger measure of liberty in the disposal of their lives. He argued that in the front of this charter of individual liberty came the right of every man to an equal share with every other in the use of the land and of the other natural resources of his native country, and that this right could only be made effective when private ownership in urban and large portions of rural land had gradually given place to public ownership. Again, the right to move unhindered from one spot to another was a necessary element of liberty, and the fulfilment of this right demanded the nationalization of the railroads. No man, once more, could be called really free in this age of trade unless he possessed cheap and reliable access to the sources of industrial energy; the State, therefore, should own and operate the supply of electricity and whatever other forms of mechanical power might be discovered. The use of capital on fair and equal terms was another essential of commercial liberty, and to secure it the State should take over the whole of the money-lending business from the pawn-shop up to the largest discount operations. Even so the individual would not be in full possession of freedom. To relieve him from his remaining disabilities, the State should annex the whole business of insurance, should convert the Bar into a public profession and shoulder all the

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expenses of criminal and civil litigation, and should make education free from the primary school to the university. I do not propose to discuss these projects or the theory of society on which they are based, but merely to point out that to one holding such views Public Ownership must appear, not as a question standing by itself and fenced round by innumerable local considerations, but as a step toward a vast social transformation, as a device intrinsically praiseworthy and beneficent, to be judged accordingly less by its actual workings in practice than as part of a much wider policy or ideal. The defect of such an attitude is partly that it assumes too much—it takes for granted, for instance, that the local or national ownership and operation of the public utilities and services is better than their ownership and operation by private companies under the control and regulation of the community—and partly that it induces a disposition to conceal or deny the facts when municipal or State management results either in partial or total failure. In the same way the rigid Individualist, detecting in every expansion of the State's activities the cloven hoof of "Socialism," and holding to the principle that limited and properly safeguarded franchises to corporations are in all cases preferable to the direct intervention of the nation or the municipality in trading enterprises and that the State should only engage in such undertakings as are beyond the scope or the desire of private initiative, is much too apt to be committed to the most lugubrious view of Public Ownership and to ignore the fact that under certain conditions its advantages may be shown to outweigh its disadvantages. It seems, therefore, advisable, if one wishes to see things as they really are, not to deal too largely in abstractions or in rigid formularies of any kind, but to approach the general question as a subject more or less complete in itself and with the least possible intention of forcing one's examination of it to prove or disprove any particular body of doctrine.

There is another pitfall to be avoided. It lies in the assumption that the degree in which Public Ownership obtains in any community is a touchstone of that community's civilization. People have got into a hazy way of taking it for granted that the country in which the State arrogates to itself the most responsibility is necessarily healthier, more advanced and better organized for eliminating waste and

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confusion, and for promoting the common welfare of its people, than a country which, in the main, is dominated by private enterprise. But in the first place one might object to this that the world has been experimenting for a long while, that industrial paternalism has been in and out of fashion a score of times, that the latest form of it which we are here considering has only won its popularity within the last half-century, and that, though the tendency of the times undoubtedly points to its yet greater expansion in the future, there is nothing as yet to make one quite positive that it will not produce an ultimate revulsion and take rank with the sumptuary laws and the laws against usury as a phase in the cyclical revolutions that form the history of government. And, in the second place, the appeal to fact severely discounts the theory that the extent to which Public Ownership exists is the measure of national progressiveness. The country in which the Government is almost as much an agency of trade as an organ of administration is Russia; but no one would on that account be inclined to place Russia at the head of civilized nations. In India, again, the Government not only owns and operates most of the railroads, but is a half-partner with the *ryot* in the land, the cultivator paying to the State what in Europe and America he pays to the landlord; but one cannot, therefore, call India particularly blessed or hold her up as an example for the Western world to follow. Germany is not more "advanced" than Great Britain because she owns her railroads while great Britain does not; nor is it a proof of the inferiority of the American governmental and industrial organization that the telegraphs and telephones should be managed by the State in England and left to private enterprise in the United States. The sooner, indeed, one abandons the idea that Public Ownership is a necessary part of the "world-march," that all who indulge in it are in the van of progress, and that all who hold aloof from it are laggards in the race of civilization, the sooner is one likely to arrive at a moderately sound estimate of its merits and drawbacks. A list of the utilities managed or of the trades carried on by a State, it cannot be affirmed too emphatically, is no criterion of its intelligence, or of its success in bettering the national lot, or of its standing in the scale of civilization; and those peoples who embark on a policy of nationalization and municipalization, in the vague notion that

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by so doing they are responding to the call of progress, and without considering how far such a venture is likely to harmonize with their local conditions, are in reality no wiser than the countries that one after another, from about 1780 to 1870, copied or transplanted the British Constitution, not because they needed it or were qualified either by their past history or their present circumstances to work it as it should be worked, but simply because it was the fashion of the period and was supposed to be the last word in the science of government.

Is there, then, no universal test to which, in any given instance, the question of Public Ownership may be submitted? I have already suggested that I know of none except the test of Expediency. It was not the least shrewd of American statesmen who declared the Tariff to be a local issue. With a somewhat different signification, one may assert that Public Ownership is or should be a local issue. That is to say, it is an issue conditioned, first, by the special character, requirements, habits of mind and political experience and morality of the town or country in which it is raised; and, secondly, by the nature and extent of the particular undertaking that it is proposed to deal with. The case, for example, in favor of a municipality owning, constructing, and operating its sewerage system stands on a footing altogether different from, and very much stronger than, any case that could be urged in favor of its running a public bakery. In the one instance you have a complete monopoly rendering services of vital importance to the health of the community and presenting almost insuperable difficulties of inspection and the regulation of prices so long as it remains in private hands; and in the other instance you have a municipality directly competing in a business which private traders, under enforced sanitary supervision, have proved themselves perfectly competent to carry on to their own and the community's benefit. In the same way arguments that are sufficient to justify a municipality in controlling the streets or erecting slaughter-houses or maintaining markets and cemeteries do not necessarily warrant it in establishing municipal laundries, nursing-homes or theaters. There is nothing inconsistent, though a great many people cannot be got to see it, in advocating municipal water-works and resisting a municipal electric-lighting supply, any more than there is anything inconsist-

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ent in approving Free Trade and a Monarchy in the special circumstances of England, and Protection and a Republic in the special circumstances of the United States. The point involved—namely, that the character of the particular enterprise in question is of vital moment in determining whether it should be inaugurated or taken over by the municipality or left in private hands—has so important a bearing on the general issue that it will be returned to and developed later on. Meantime it is enough to indicate it as entering very largely into the test of Expediency.

Another set of considerations that are even more relevant concern not so much the kind of undertaking that it is proposed to nationalize or municipalize as the kind of people who will have the management of it when it passes under public control—their political traditions and habits, their administrative experience and efficiency, their standards of official honesty, the whole environment and atmosphere in which they will be called upon to discharge their functions. Here, again, it is not possible to lay down any hard and fast rule. But at the same time, it is not merely possible and permissible, but vitally essential to insist that the differences between towns and countries in external circumstances, political formation and character, industrial instincts and administrative aptitudes, are just as great as between individuals, and that these differences profoundly affect the problems of Public Ownership and make it more than usually imperative to submit the argument from analogy to a merciless dissection. Local and national ownership and operation of the chief public services will be one thing in a country, like Germany, where the bureaucratic tradition is strong and individual initiative perceptibly weaker than collective initiative, and another thing in a country, such as the United States, where the best brains are to be looked for outside of the municipal, State and Federal Governments and where the unit has consistently shown itself immeasurably more enterprising and efficient than the group. The risks attendant on a programme of municipalization will be much less in England, where men of leisure, experience and first-rate business capacity are willing to serve on the City Council, than in a country where the sense of civic patriotism is at a low ebb, where local politics have fallen into the hands of professional grafters, and where official probity is under a constant cloud of suspicion. An

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enterprise that is conducted successfully and with economy under a stable administrative system may break down altogether under a *régime* that favors a succession of officials on short or precarious tenures or that is exposed to the unremitting pressure of commercial or political interests. The area within which Public Ownership may safely be invoked by all municipalities in all lands is, in short, extremely small; and the far larger and more debatable area within which Public Ownership fails at one spot and succeeds at another is so broken up by the infinite variety of local conditions as almost to defy classification or description as a whole. That "one man's meat is another man's poison" is as true of the body politic as of the body physical; and neither for municipalities nor for nations can one lay down any but the narrowest and most austere regimen in the hope of finding it universally applicable and universally beneficial. Take, for instance, the question of the nationalization of the railroads. In Germany it is a realized project to which the people have adjusted themselves and become habituated. In Great Britain it is just entering the field of practical political discussion as an experiment fraught with tremendous hazards, but not to be dismissed as inconceivable. In the United States it cannot yet be said to have reached even that tentative stage; and the American people, as they showed when Mr. Bryan dropped a hint in that direction, would all but unanimously regard a proposal for the Federal ownership and operation of their railroads as a political and industrial revolution so stupendous as to be hardly worth debating. What useful purpose, under such circumstances, would be served by a disquisition on railroad nationalization that failed to take into account the varying standpoints, inclinations and conditions of the German, British and American peoples and to show that the problem, while superficially the same in all three countries, was fundamentally different, was looked at from different angles, occupied different degrees of importance, was embedded in different social, political and industrial strata, and that the only certain thing, therefore, that could be predicted, if it were treated in all three cases alike, would be the emergence of three totally different sets of consequences?

These observations for all their conspicuous triteness are none the less worth formulating, partly because they go near the root of the matter in so far as they insist on the

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need of examining each question of Public Ownership on its merits and in the light of local conditions, and partly because their very obviousness causes the moral they convey to be constantly forgotten. Americans especially, having only recently begun to experiment with municipal ownership, are apt to fix their gaze on some "model city" in Europe and to exclaim, "Why cannot Cleveland or Chicago or New York be as Birmingham and Glasgow are?" Well, there are many answers to that too-familiar conundrum, and one of them may perhaps be found in a mere list of Glasgow's activities. The City Council supply the people of Glasgow with water, gas, electric light, cable and electric cars and telephones, in each case owning and operating the necessary plant. They control about a dozen public parks and galleries, as many bath and wash houses, a fruit and vegetable market, a dead-meat market, a home cattle-market, two foreign cattle-markets, a cheese-market, a bird and dog market, an old-clothes market, four slaughter-houses, four hospitals and a burial-ground. They are the owners of some three thousand municipal houses, some eighty lodging-houses, about ten of which they manage themselves; several hundred shops, warehouses and workshops; a dozen halls, two churches, two hotels, a theatre, a studio, a pawn-shop, a nursing-home, powder-mill, laundry and bake-house, a golf-course and a gospel tent. They farm over a thousand acres of land where large crops are grown, including all the hay used in the stables of the street-cleaning department as well as oats, wheat, turnips, etc.; they convert the city sewage into solid matter and sell it to the farmers for manure; they carry on business as market-gardeners; they possess stone-quarries and about one thousand railroad wagons; they build street-cars, reclaim bogs, conduct a civic granary, raise over five thousand dollars a year on the clinkers from the refuse-cremating furnaces, collect and sell waste-paper, and are not above melting and disposing of the solder from the old tin cans they find in the dust-heaps. Such umbrageous enterprises as these are clearly the product of highly specialized conditions, and to quote them as though they could flourish on any soil, as though they were a mere matter of machinery and legislation, is to miss altogether their essential secret. When any American city has evolved the political honesty and intelligence and the administrative stability that distinguish Glas-

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gow, and has attracted to its service the same amount of self-sacrificing ability and experience, and has evaded the restrictions imposed upon the total of its indebtedness, and has also circumvented the American Constitution, it will be time enough to decide whether it should attempt to duplicate Glasgow's policy of municipalizing all the public utilities within reach.

This, of course, is not to assert that a municipality or a State before embracing Public Ownership will not do well to study the experience of other towns and other countries and will not find that experience of the highest value. It is simply to insist that in this, more perhaps than in most questions of politics and administration, the imponderabilia are of supreme and decisive moment and that Pittsburg, for instance, can only profit by the example of Glasgow, can only fully appreciate the guidance or the warning that Glasgow has to offer, if constant and ample allowance is made for the dissimilarity of local conditions, and if it is freely recognized that the same solution of what is apparently the same problem, may lead to very different results in the two cities. With this proviso kept always in mind an analysis of the workings of Public Ownership in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, ought to be full of instruction as well as of interest to American investigators. England, especially, has found an answer of sorts—usually, it is true, of more than Delphic ambiguity—to almost every question propounded by the eruption of the local and national authorities into the industrial area; and it is mainly, therefore, on English experience that I shall draw in compiling these articles. The matters to be resolved may be summarized with comparative ease and brevity. We want to know the best method of regulating public utilities that are owned and operated by private corporations. We want to ascertain, if possible, some fairly broad and not too rigid principle that would help us to separate the services that ought to be taken over by the municipality or the State from those that might legitimately be left in private hands. We want, again, to strike an approximate balance between (1) Public Ownership combined with the lease of the undertaking to an unofficial corporation, (2) Public Ownership combined with public operation, and (3) private ownership and private operation under public control. Assuming that the advantage is found to lie with the system of Public Owner-

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ship combined with public operation, we want, next, to discover how this system works—what are its financial effects in relieving taxation or in increasing local indebtedness, whether the services it supplies are of a better quality and lower in price than those which might be obtained from a properly regulated private company, what consequences result from the creation of a body of privileged workmen drawing higher pay from the public authority than they would receive from an ordinary employer, how far the expansion of State and municipal activities and the increase of State and municipal employment of labor affect the tone and character of politics and the interest of the people in their civic and national affairs, how far they react upon private enterprise and influence the flow of capital and the state of the labor-market, and what, finally, are the conditions, political, legal, administrative and "atmospheric," that give to Public Ownership its best chance of success. All of these are points that need far more careful and dispassionate consideration than they usually receive from controversialists. To probe them thoroughly would require a volume in itself. All that I can hope for in these articles is to throw a hasty light upon such of their principal features as seem to bear most directly on American conditions.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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DISARMAMENT AND ARBITRATION

BY "OBSERVER"

THE student of history and of the international situation of the present day easily perceives that the greatest practical obstacle in the way of disarmament is the unevenness of nations. They do not stand on the same plane of advancement, nor in the same circumstances of possible action. Take the case of Germany. She occupies the central portion of the great plain of northern Europe. Her north is coast-line; on the west is France, on the south is Austria, on the east is Russia, and on every side her frontiers are level and open. No sane man can object that Germany wears something of the aspect of an armed camp, or that, in spite of constitutions, she sustains her men of blood and iron and holds a mailed hand ready instantly to strike wherever attack is threatened. Germany must be taught that the dispositions of men have permanently changed, that dynastic and frontier disputes have been really forgotten, that her own past has been truly forgiven, before she can reasonably be expected to lay her arms aside.

But this is not the whole of Germany's case. It is not one of readiness of defense alone. No one who is conscious of what he sees can come into contact with the middle and upper classes in Germany without noticing a military spirit and an attitude toward armies and war which is different from that which prevails in England or the United States or in any but a comparatively small class in France. The really ruling classes in Germany not merely love the pomp and circumstance of military parade, they really believe in great military preparation in itself considered as a legitimate engine of national upbuilding and national glory, and they do not yet believe in disarmament in itself. This is, no doubt, a result of their history and nothing more than temporary, but it is at present an obstinate fact because

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that history is so recent and, in part, because it was so brilliant. The advocate of any plan of disarmament which is intended to be practicable must deal with the fact that Germany does not stand on the same plane of advancement in regard to the general question with the other nations named.

But this also is not all Germany's case. As was perfectly natural, the union of Germany in a new national bond in 1871 was speedily followed by the birth of commercial and colonial ambitions impossible before. But the commercial, and especially the colonial situation which she found before her was not a hopeful one for a new-comer. The Anglo-Saxon race seemed to be in possession of the world. It was with the British Empire that these new German ambitions first came into collision, and it was first against the British Empire that a current of feeling began to form which has run strongly and deeply ever since and at times has threatened to burst all barriers. There followed two things. One was Bismarck's sudden settling upon certain bits of the African continent, which it had been tacitly taken for granted were within the sphere of British influence, thus beginning the open scramble for Africa. The second was the rise of a general criticism of England from the early eighties, expressing itself in public and private in many different ways so bitter as at times to be vituperative, directed against England's history, her past relations with Germany, her methods of conducting foreign business, her naval and colonial policy, and the morality of her political motives—a criticism which Germany's colonial successes have not moderated, but which has rather gained in volume and intensity as time has passed. No student of present European conditions should be misled into supposing that this feeling toward England originated in the Boer war. That war fed it with much inflammable stuff and it blazed up into public sight as it never had before, but that is the only difference between the period of the Boer war and any time, at least since 1885. The proof of the accuracy of this statement is abundant and irresistible. The only astonishing thing about the whole matter is that it took England fifteen years to find out the existing state of things. But there is another point which must be taken into account. The Boer War had been preceded by the war of the United States with Spain and by the sudden and unexpected rise of this country to the

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position of a world power occupying important colonial regions. Very many Americans must be aware of the fact that the stream of criticism which until then had run solely against England began with these events to run strongly against us. It bore upon the same points—our historical inconsistencies, our methods of operation, the honesty of our intentions—and since that date every new move of ours in inter-American or in international affairs has been the signal for new outbursts of passion in the German press. The evidence for these facts is also incontrovertible.

I have not mentioned these things by way of criticism on Germany or to excite counter emotions of the same kind. I probably could not do that if I wished to, and I certainly wish far otherwise. This state of feeling in Germany must be judged entirely natural and almost inevitable considering her history since 1860. When, after long struggles, she found herself a united nation, it was highly commendable that she desired to take her place as a power of the first rank not merely in Europe, but in the world. If Germany had been a united nation in 1600 there can be no doubt but that the empire of the world would be differently divided to-day. Because this door had been so long closed to her, because she had been condemned to stand one side and see others partition out the earth, Germany realized, as no other nation did in 1880, the meaning of colonial empire and the narrowness of the provincial future before the people which must remain European only. That was the fate with which she saw herself threatened by the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not fair to say that the emotional depths of Germany have been stirred to such bitterness by commercial and colonial ambitions only. It has been by a clearer foresight than has been granted any Anglo-Saxon as yet of the way in which the ultimate position of races is to be determined. If this were the place for it, it would be possible to urge, from the German side at least, strong arguments in defense of this attitude toward England and the United States.

What is the purpose of this account is to assert as vigorously as possible that this feeling, that these three characteristics of Germany's position which have been described, are facts of the most stubborn sort which must be reckoned with by any advocate of disarmament. Theoretical discussions of a lofty ideal, cries of pathetic wonder that civilized

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nations should hesitate to adopt so wise and so Christian a method of settling their disputes, and arbitration conventions, and peace prizes, are all of value after their sort in bringing on a better day. But the practical statesman who would devise a scheme not to excite applause, but to work in actual practice, must deal with facts as they are, with inherited tendencies and situations which are not going to be changed this summer.

In the actual situation as it is, no student of international affairs but must say that the most serious obstacle in the way of general disarmament is Germany. Whether you approve or condemn, that is the fact. How are you going to ask France to disarm? How are you going to ask England to stop building Dreadnoughts? The simple truth of the matter is that no nation has ever existed, or exists to-day, which, placed in the same situation as these two are against Germany, would not follow the same policy. This is the fact which the man who proposes any scheme must recognize.

The practical question, then, is twofold. Can the attitude of Germany be changed, or is there any workable possibility under which it can be disregarded? As to change, it seems almost hopeless within any reasonable time. No doubt the complete and permanent triumph of the present Socialist party in Germany—which must not be considered to be exactly what we mean by a Socialist party in this country—would carry with it the desired change. But even if that were possible, the result would not be a simple one, and many who desire disarmament might be excused for questioning the wisdom of reaching it by this means. No other means, however, seems possible except in the slow process of years.

If we turn to the other question and ask is it possible in any way safely to disregard the attitude of Germany and carry out a general disarmament while Germany still maintains the threat of war, there is again only one practical answer. It can be done only by making it possible to combine against any ordinarily conceivable war so great a weight of moral and perhaps of material force that no nation whatever could disregard it. Material force here can have but one meaning; it means men and guns, and that, it is objected, does not mean disarmament. It does not, so far forth, nor do I suppose that any advocate of disarmament means by it, an immediate and total abandonment of all military and naval forces, including those which may

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seem desirable for land and sea police duty. Disarmament means the abandonment of the policy of withdrawing from the productive forces of the nation of vast amounts of human energy and acquired capital for no other purpose than to get ready for a possible war. This policy could be entirely abandoned and still leave the possibility of a combined material force which would be formidable and effective against any single nation which proposed to go to war. It would doubtless be slow in action. Beyond all question, a policy of general disarmament, with one nation of warlike disposition still standing to its arms, would mean great risk of temporary loss or even disaster to its immediate neighbors. It would be possible by general action to reduce this risk somewhat, but not to do away with it entirely. The chief reliance must be upon the moral weight of the combined judgment and combined action of the major part of the world. The position of a single nation which obstinately refused to disarm, standing against a general disarmament actually carried out, would shortly be intolerable to itself, and a minority of such nations could sustain themselves in refusal for any long period only by means of an anti-disarmament league, which is hardly conceivable.

All this means, necessarily, disarmament by combination, and it will be objected at once that this means alliance. It certainly does. Unless the dispositions of men change more than is likely in a generation, unless all nations can be brought more nearly to a common level in their feelings about war, in the character of their ambitions, and even in their opinions about the safety of their frontiers, no plan of general disarmament stands any chance of adoption except by way of an alliance, nor is any single nation likely to act alone upon a plan of its own so long as it retains a moderate stock of practical political wisdom. This may be a disagreeable fact, but I do not believe that it is possible for any one to examine impartially the international situation as it is and reach any other conclusion. Alliance, the open and avowed adoption of a common policy, agreement to stand by one another in the results of that policy, are absolutely essential and will be for some time to come. But it should not be forgotten that this is alliance of a new kind, not of the old. It is not an entangling alliance. It is not an offensive alliance. It is an alliance for peace, not for war, an agreement in restraint of passion, of unjust am-

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bitions, and in limitation of manifest destinies that infringe upon the manifest destinies of others. It would be a little difficult to show that the ordinary objections against alliances hold for this or to discover a new argument against it.

It is exactly in respect to the considerations advanced in this article that President Taft's proposals for arbitration constitute by far the longest step yet taken toward a practical plan of disarmament. It does not name disarmament. It does not create an alliance. It proposes no more than an agreement in individual cases between two nations only. But in essence it involves the whole. It is the first step on the road that leads to this end, and it can logically lead to no other. Its practical wisdom as an act of the highest statesmanship consists in the fact that it asks for no more than is at the moment possible, not more than may easily be brought about. And yet what is asked for is obviously a beginning only. It tempts to steps beyond itself and leads inevitably to far wider results than the ends at first proposed.

Consider what may easily follow. There is obviously good prospect that three nations—England, France, and Japan—will agree to a treaty of complete arbitration with the United States, individually and separately, of course, but in essential agreement in the terms proposed. It is not likely that the first stage will go beyond this, and in it no disarmament need be expected. It will not be possible. But it is no dream to suppose that there might early develop such a common understanding between these four nations that they would stand ready to say to the most aggressive party in the crisis of an impending war that if the war is begun they also must be reckoned with as allies of the weaker or the better side. Is there any conceivable war, an attack of Russia on China, for example, that would be likely to occur in such circumstances? One only would be difficult to deal with—a combination of Russia, Germany, Austria, and the Balkan States for the dismemberment of Turkey. The probability of such a combination can easily be made out by any one who knows the situation even no more than in its larger details. One other contingency would be awkward—a threatened war by outside nations against one of these four.

Such a common understanding is not, however, the most

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likely nor the most desirable line of progress. The second step should be an agreement in practically identical terms for arbitration without reservation, not of three nations with one other, but of each of the four with all the others. This would follow almost of itself and should be expected almost immediately. Before it could be completed other nations would have joined this millennial alliance—Italy, Spain, the minor European nations, the most advanced of the South-American republics. How long would it be before the danger spots of the world would be walled off, the most reluctant or sullen of peoples thrown under an unendurable burden of self-accusation? This is not the vision of a poet. These steps will be as certain and as necessary as the stages of a demonstration in Euclid, once the beginning is made. And the proposition of President Taft makes a beginning which logically involves the whole sequence of events to the final end of universal disarmament and world peace. The greatest practical obstacle that stands in the way of this first step is the Senate of the United States, and the duty of all Americans who desire these things is sufficiently obvious.

"OBSERVER."

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AMERICAN COMMERCIAL DIPLOMACY

BY OSCAR S. STRAUS

Our diplomacy, in its aim and purposes, from the beginning was commercial as distinguished from political, and this purpose, in its very nature, gave to it the character of sincerity and straightforwardness. After our independence was established and we entered upon our national life as an independent nation, our first concern was to negotiate treaties of amity and commerce. As early as 1778 the first treaty we concluded as a nation was our Treaty of Amity and Commerce with France, by which France and the United States engaged mutually not to grant any favor to other nations in respect to commerce and navigation which should not immediately become common to the other party who should enjoy the same favor. Historical accuracy compels me to say that the aid France extended to us in our Revolution did not arise exclusively out of sympathy with or from sentiments of liberty, but underlying, if not superinducing her generous assistance, the remembrance of which our national sense of gratitude should ever cherish, there were substantial reasons of commercial interest; as the Revolution, besides affording an opportunity of weakening an enemy, also held out the probability of breaking up the British monopoly of trade with the colonies, a trade which France hoped to divert to herself.

In 1780 the earliest opportunity presented itself to our country to join in a European coalition, the "Armed Neutrality," an agreement by means of which a convention was entered into between Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and Holland to protect neutral commerce; it defined contraband and declared "free ships make free goods." The United States desired to take part in this concert, and sent Francis Dana to Russia, but Russia would not receive him, and our adhesion was most courteously rejected.

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Washington, in his Farewell Address, outlining with statesmanly foresight our national policy, said:

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is in extending our commercial relations to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop."

At this time (1796) events had fully justified the wisdom of this policy, which had been adopted by Washington against the opposition of Jefferson and Madison and their partisans, who, because of their sympathy with the French democracy, endeavored to identify the interest of our country with France in her wars against the allied powers and with her unbridled and infuriated democracy. Conditions rapidly developed which compelled Washington to take a decided step forward amid difficulties and perplexities which at the present day it is, perhaps, not possible to adequately realize and much less measure, the young nation giving notice to the world that the United States was not to be a pawn on the chess-board of European politics, but would, in accordance with its independent position in the family of nations, follow its own best interests in accordance with its principles of international equity and justice. The conditions referred to were the overthrow of the French monarchy and the excesses of the French Revolution, and the coming to this country of a Minister from the French Directory, Genêt, who, upon his arrival at Charleston, appealed to the public opinion of the country, enlisting men, equipping vessels, commissioning privateers, as if the United States were a colony or a dependency of France. The crisis he provoked became so intense that it created a distinct division even in Washington's Cabinet, and it was found necessary and imperative for the President to suspend the functions of Genêt and demand his recall and to issue a proclamation of neutrality embodying the highest ideals of international text-writers and far in advance of that doctrine of expediency which then controlled the practices of nations. Hall, one of the foremost of the recent authoritative writers on international law, says of it:

"The policy of the United States in 1793 constitutes an epoch in the development of the usages of neutrality. . . . It represented by far the most advanced existing opinion as to what those obligations were. . . . In the main, however, it is identical with the standard of conduct which is now adopted by the community of nations."

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The proclamation was characterized by the opposition as unwise and unjust in placing Great Britain upon the same footing and giving her the same privileges as France. It cannot be denied that its immediate effect had disadvantages for us in restricting our commerce with European nations, including Great Britain as well as France. In the following year (1794) Congress passed our first Neutrality Act which, as revised in 1818, in its main principles, guides the practice of civilized nations. This advanced position of neutrality, coupled with the independent attitude of the Washington administration, aggravated the opposition on the part of the maritime powers, none of whom entertained a friendly disposition toward us, and our efforts to negotiate treaties of commerce met with obstruction and delay. Discouraging as this condition was, yet the very causes that produced it subsequently aided us in negotiating more favorable treaties with the several powers than would otherwise have been possible. Frescot, in his *American Diplomatic History,* says:

"Thus the treaty with England was yielded to the necessities of the conditions of hostility between England and France; the treaty with Spain was the result of the changed attitude of that power toward England on the one side and France on the other; and the treaty with France depended upon the special relations which France at the moment wished to assume for her own purposes toward the other powers of Europe."

At the outbreak of the Revolution it was estimated that one-sixth of the wheat and flour exported from the United States and one-fourth of dried and pickled fish, besides other products, found their best markets in the ports of the Mediterranean. This commerce had grown up under the protection of the British flag, and there were employed from eighty to one hundred ships. When the war began this commerce had to be entirely abandoned, and the commercial loss was severely felt. In the treaty of 1778 with France it was proposed by the negotiators, in accordance with the instructions given to them by the Continental Congress, that France should take the place of Great Britain as the protector of the American vessels, but the King of France would go no further than to agree to employ his good offices.

The Barbary powers, Morocco and the regencies of Tunis, Tripoli and Algiers, which for generations subsisted by depredations on commerce, were known as the "Piratical States," and the European States, in order to protect their commerce, had their choice either of paying a

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certain sum per head to ransom each captive or of buying entire freedom for their commerce by expenditure of large, stipulated annual sums. In the treaty renewed by France in 1788 with Algiers she agreed to pay $200,000 annually, besides large presents periodically. The peace of Spain with Algiers is said to have cost from three to five million dollars, and it is stated upon good authority that England was paying annual tribute of $280,000. England was the only power sufficiently strong on the sea to put down these pirates, but she found it to her commercial advantage as the mistress of the sea to leave them in existence and to pay a large annual tribute, so that they might remain a scourge to the commerce of other powers.

Lord Sheffield said in 1783, in his *Observations on the Commerce of the American States:*

> "It is not probable that the American States will have a very free trade in the Mediterranean. It will not be for the interests of any of the great maritime powers to protect them from the Barbary States. . . . That the Barbary States were advantageous to the maritime powers is certain. . . . The armed neutrality would be as hurtful to the great maritime powers as the Barbary States are useful. The Americans cannot protect themselves from the latter; they cannot pretend to a navy."

It may be incidentally mentioned that these difficulties with Barbary gave us a navy. I need not here detail the account of our relations with the Barbary powers, which forms a well-known and glorious chapter in our diplomatic history.

When the new government under the Constitution was formed, Jefferson, as Secretary of State, declared the determination of the United States "to prefer war in all cases to tribute under any form." But a navy was wanting to make this declaration effective. By December, 1793, the number of American vessels captured by Algerian corsairs had reached to thirteen and the number of captives to one hundred and nineteen. The United States, urged on by the cry of the captives, who it was then unable to rescue by force, accepted the conditions of the Dey, and by the expenditure of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars obtained the release of its citizens and purchased a peace which was signed on September 5th, 1795. A treaty with Tripoli followed in November, 1796, and with Tunis in August, 1797. In our treaty with Tripoli, concluded during the administration of Washington, we find a significant declaration, doubtless inserted to overcome the religious fanaticism of the Dey,

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and for the purpose of emphasizing that our form of government was a civil commonwealth as distinguished from a monarchy where its Church and State are united or where the State is under the domination of an ecclesiastical hierarchy. The declaration referred to is contained in Article IX of the treaty, and reads as follows:

"As the Government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion, as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of Mussulmans, . . . it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries."

Perhaps the idea was also to emphasize the strictly and exclusively commercial purpose intended to be served by the treaty. With the omission of the introductory phrase a similar declaration was inserted in the treaty with Tripoli of 1805 and in the treaties with Algiers of 1815 and 1816.

During the seven years following the second peace with Tripoli the foreign relations of the United States were comparatively uneventful, but the feeling of hostility broke out again in 1812 when it became known that war between the United States and Great Britain was then imminent. An act was passed by Congress on the 3d of March, 1815, "for the protection of the commerce of the United States against the Algerine cruisers." Two squadrons were ordered to the Mediterranean under Bainbridge and Decatur, and immediately upon their arrival on the scene they forced the Dey to sign a treaty by which it was declared that no tribute of any form or under any pretext should ever be required from the United States. Tripoli and Tunis were also admonished, and thereby through the intrepid course of our navy the Barbary pirates were taught, after centuries of depredations on life and property, to respect human rights, and the Mediterranean was made free to the commerce of the world.

I refer to but few of the leading incidents in our diplomacy affecting the rights of commerce, and I have purposely confined this review chiefly to such questions which advanced the freedom of commerce not exclusively for our country but for all nations. The efforts of the United States to secure for commerce the free navigation of rivers and seas began early in its history and has been persistently and successfully pushed forward upon the broad principles of

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international justice and equality among nations; in other words, our policy on land and sea has consistently been that of "the open door." Besides maintaining the freedom of the seas, the United States from the beginning contended for the free navigation of the natural channels that lead to the seas. In the advocacy of this international principle for the freedom of commerce, it was mainly instrumental in bringing about the abolition in 1857 of the dues levied by Denmark on vessels and cargoes passing from the North Sea into the Baltic. Mr. Clay, as Secretary of State, in his protest against these dues and exactions declared that,

"if a canal to unite the Pacific and Atlantic oceans should ever be constructed, the benefits of it ought not to be exclusively appropriated to any one nation, but should be extended to all parts of the globe upon the payment of a just compensation or reasonable tolls."

This principle is embodied in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty for the neutralization of the Panama Canal. The free navigation of the St. Lawrence was secured for a limited period by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and in perpetuity by the Treaty of Washington in 1871. In accordance with the same principles the United States endeavored to secure the free navigation of the Amazon, which was in 1866 voluntarily granted to all nations by the Emperor of Brazil. By a treaty with Bolivia in 1858 the Amazon and the La Plata, with their tributaries, were declared to be, "in accordance with fixed principles of international law, . . . channels open by nature for the commerce of all nations."

In 1821 the Emperor Alexander of Russia issued a ukase prohibiting foreign vessels from approaching within less than one hundred Italian miles from the northwestern coast of America, beginning from Bering's Strait to the fifty-first degree of north latitude. The Russian minister in Washington, in his note to our Government, made the additional claim of Russia's right of sovereignty over the whole of the northwestern continent of America above that line. These negotiations regarding Russia's extraordinary claims aroused a great deal of bitterness and hostility throughout the country until they were finally adjusted by the Convention of 1824. Madison, in writing to President Monroe in regard to the conclusion of this treaty, said:

"The convention with Russia is a propitious event in substituting amicable adjustment for the risks of hostile collision. But I give the Emperor

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little credit for his consent to the principle of *mare liberum* in the North Pacific."

These negotiations are of the highest interest to us historically from another point of view, as in them expression was given to the main principles which soon came to be known as the Monroe Doctrine. A new Russian Minister, Baron de Tuyl, was sent over in the autumn of 1822. Mr. Adams wrote in his diary, "I find proof enough to put down the Russian Government, but how shall we answer the Russian cannon?" He states that a few days later the Russian Minister held a conversation with him and desired to know what instructions he had sent to Mr. Middleton, our Minister at St. Petersburg, and Mr. Adams says:

"I told him specially that we should contest the right of Russia to *any* territorial establishment on this continent: and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for *any* new European colonial establishments."

When commerce was identified with piracy, and subsequently with the utter disregard of neutral rights, it was continually a source of irritation and aggravated the militant spirit between nations; but with the growth of the modern industrial development and the extension of foreign trade nations no longer find it profitable to be hostile to one another because of their prosperity. The commercial spirit, while it is competitive, is not a militant spirit, for in its final analysis foreign commerce rests upon mutuality, and a wealthy and prosperous nation is a much better customer than a poor nation. The commercial spirit, therefore, from enlightened self-interest favors the promotion of prosperity in other nations. The only apparent exception to this modern spirit of commerce is to be found in relation to trade with Oriental nations, where there is a tendency, on the part of the great powers, to establish spheres of influence and to force special concessions and exclusive privileges to the detriment of competing nations. America again has come to the forefront in insisting upon the "Open Door" in China and in other Oriental lands, and in the furtherance of which it has consistently refrained from and protested against the policy of some of the great powers who seek to advance their political influence in order to obtain exclusive rights for their commerce or who seek to establish exclusive commercial rights to promote their political influence. The

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American policy which was so felicitously characterized by Secretary Hay as that of the "Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule" is an international policy of the highest equity and justice, and it should ever be our vigilant care that these two parallel purposes of our national policy in foreign affairs should not be so construed as to become incompatible in guarding our continental interests and our peaceful relations with the nations of the world. This will be the responsible task of American statesmanship, requiring no less the highest wisdom than the calmness of patriotic restraint to guide aright our destinies in times of stress.

It is largely due to the vast extension of commercial intercourse between nations in our times, which rests upon reciprocity, that the standard of public morals has been lifted from the lower sphere of international expediency to the higher sphere of morality and law. As examples of this may be cited the abolition of the slave-trade and the more recent efforts, on the part of China in concert with the leading powers, to prohibit the cultivation and trade in opium except for legitimate medical use. The standard of international morality yet continues to lag far behind the standard of commercial fair dealing within nations; the evidences of this are no more glaringly exhibited than in the exceptions in the laws of neutrality, which rest not on principle but on legal casuistry. As the law now stands, it is entirely lawful for the subjects of neutrals to supply belligerents with arms and ammunition, as well as by public subscription or otherwise raise loans to aid belligerents; yet the fact that such loans can be legally contracted not only makes war possible when otherwise either or both belligerents would be prevented by economic necessities from beginning a war or, when begun, from prolonging it. The Russo-Japanese War would certainly have come to an earlier end if neither belligerent could have borrowed money from the subjects of neutrals. It requires no argument to prove such acts are against the fundamental principles of real neutrality, and when the standards of international morality advance a single step further such contraband commerce and loans will no longer be considered lawful. No more practical work can be undertaken in the promotion of peace than to hasten the day when the laws of neutrality shall be made to square with the principles of impartiality, justice, and morality.

OSCAR S. STRAUS.

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DOORS

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Like a young child who to his mother's door
  Runs eager for the welcoming embrace,
  And finds the door shut, and with troubled face
Calls and through sobbing calls, and o'er and o'er
Calling, storms at the panel—so before
  A door that will not open, sick and numb,
  I listen for a word that will not come,
And know, at last, I may not enter more.

Silence! And through the silence and the dark
  By that closed door, the distant sob of tears
    Beats on my spirit, as on fairy shores
The spectral sea; and through the sobbing, hark!
  Down the fair-chambered corridor of years,
    The quiet shutting, one by one, of doors.

Hermann Hagedorn.

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THE HUMAN INTEREST OF BUXTON

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE customs inspector at Liverpool, vaguely but politely pawing over the contents of our trunks, could not find words warm enough in praise of our purpose of going to Buxton for a brace. Dropping an aspirate here and there among the clothes and picking it out to put it on in the wrong place, he said that there was nothing like Buxton for recovering from the languor of a sea voyage, and it was so near to Liverpool that we were in a manner already there. In a manner we were, after two or three hours' run or climb, with quite as many changes and waits at invigorating way-stations, rising one above another into the highest air in England. But the genius of English railroad travel is, after comfort, change, and you will do well not to repine at this, for you will not be able to help it, and it is so much eased by the porters at the smallest stations, with their promptness in seizing your hand-baggage and their instinctive recognition of your trunks among the contents of the luggage-van, that you had better resign yourself unmurmuring to the charm of the scenery till the train, which is to carry you half an hour farther, arrives to fulfil its mission. If you add birds singing wildly at one of the stops, and dusty-white men drawing the lime-kilns at another, you have inducements to resignation which the most rebellious spirit can scarcely resist.

I

It was, perhaps, the mildest, the most amiable day of a singularly sullen English summer, and after we had left all imaginable junctions behind we arrived at Buxton in the glowing expectation of a long term of settled weather. We were in such sympathy with the sunshine that we asked to have it in our rooms at the agreeable hotel which we found "standing in its own grounds," as hotels like to do in Eng-

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land, with wide gardens and groves about it; and the manageress yielded us such rooms as we desired with a readiness in which I now realize that we might have suspected something ironical. But we did not; we pinned our faith to every ray of that sunshine, and as it waned with the waning afternoon we bade it farewell in the confident belief of seeing it the next morning.

Meanwhile we had happened upon the most psychological moment of the whole Buxton year. It was the time of dressing the wells, which in an older dispensation would so probably have been blessing them, but which now consisted of garlanding the different health-giving founts with flowers, and matting the gables of the more enthusiastic shops, and adorning the fronts of the public buildings with natural or artificial blossoms. Just what sort of health the founts gave I will not make sure, but I will say it was relief from rheumatism or uric acid in some form, for uric acid is a thing which so pervades the English system that specifics for it are found wherever medicinal springs burst from English ground. Springs, however, you must not say: wells is the word, and somehow a much more engaging word with an old-time flavor and a resonance from early piety that echoes in many a holy well and well of this saint or that, of one sex or the other, insomuch that the surly Puritans of the Commonwealth forbade the sick to resort to them at Buxton, holding it a superstitious yielding to popish idolatry.

But the dressing of the wells has survived the past rigor, and we proposed to pass the next day visiting them, and the day after in going to Haddon Hall, which is as hard by as any place in England is to any other, and is sacred to the simple exploit of Dorothy Vernon in eloping with the young lord of Rutland five hundred years ago. That first silvern afternoon we would spend as the small change of golden guineas of days of sunshine to come; we would lavish it in loitering up and down the glowing streets; we would waste it in sitting on the benches in the own-grounds of the hotel and wishing, like Mrs. Allen at Bath, in "Northanger Abbey," that we "had a general acquaintance" among the outwardly repellent but no doubt inwardly hospitable English folk whom we saw coming and going on the neat paths or bowed over their novels in the portico. The warmth, the excessive splendor of the day, was so generally confessed that we found one clerical father and clerical daughter with-

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drawn from the fervor in a covert of the garden so dense and dark that we shuddered in passing it; but they had saved themselves from sunstroke and were rapt in their respective romances.

II

The amiable afternoon waned quite to our minds in the fulfilment of such desultory impulses as followed one another and resulted in a pretty fair exploration of the town. Buxton must, of course, have some historical interest of its own, but our local guide-book did not vaunt its memories, and people who came to Buxton seeking the past always go to Haddon Hall for it. We should have done well to go our first afternoon when the sun shone into our carefully selected southern windows, but we gave it to the pleasant up-and-down-hill streets, the tasteful exteriors of the wells and baths, and especially that charming Crescent of Georgian architecture, softly saffron in the mellow light, which so agreeably expresses an elderly ideal of lodgings, and of delay for the cure of complaints not to be vulgarly hurried in convalescence. A yet older ideal is expressed in the neighboring hostelry to which modern sympathy may resort in compassion of that hapless Mary Stuart who sojourned there, in one of those many wanderings of hers which were always the ways to dusty death. Hard by this sojourn and in front of the more modern Crescent an upland park or open ground rises, and there is another public park on the river which carries off the waste argon, helium and radium of the wells. Besides these attractions, there are numbers of nice shops where ladies can buy almost anything they do not need between the paroxysms of their neuralgia, and there are several pretty tea-shops where on a Saturday people can drink tea enough to last them over Sunday; or had better do so, for in compliance with the universal English custom the places are fast locked on the Sabbath—you may inebriate, but not cheer yourself then. But, above all, there are in Buxton The Gardens with Open Spaces, with a Sylvan Park, with Sylvan Walks, with Recreation Grounds, with a Grotto, with Artificial Lakes and a Pavilion, where you may happen upon music when it is playing. It is a very pleasant pavilion when silent and is in the immediate neighborhood of a circular tea-kiosk of the most amiable temperament, with blooming young English maids serving the largest strawberries grown in England, which is really saying everything.

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In those places and the like we vainly expected the morrow when we should motor through the sparkling air of Buxton to Haddon Hall and surprise Dorothy Vernon before she could send word she was not at the moment eloping. The air of Buxton, by the way, is "specifically lighter by reason of its altitude, and dryer and of more tonic property than elsewhere in the same latitude" (so I read in my local guide-book) and the rainfall, though heavy, "is one of the most important and beneficial factors of the climate, the air being washed, purified and freed from bacterial and other impurities." Through this thoroughly laundered atmosphere we were not surprised to find the sun trying to look in at our windows when we woke the next morning for that nine-o'clock breakfast which is the earliest that love or money can buy anywhere in England. But the weather was holding effects in reserve against us which we learned to know later of the weather-wiser. When the maid or the valet opens your curtains and you exult in the sunshine she or he says, "Yes, but too bright." "How can a morning be too bright?" you scoff to yourself, and you do not acquire modesty till experience confirms the precept that if a day in England opens cheerfully it will go on to gloom and close in tears. Far better it should dawn sadly amidst clouds and downpours, for then it cannot be worse, and there are chances that it may be better.

III

But the sun went down as radiantly on our first day as it rose on our second, and we confidingly foregathered with our fellow guests after dinner in the lounge of the hotel for that entertainment which the summer hotel seldom fails of in England. This lounge was a sort of wide open space next the entrance, with the porter's booth and the manageress's office at one side and a very inadequate grate at the other, which people tried not to keep each other away from. Beyond stretched writing-rooms, yawned drawing-rooms frostily; a very noble stairway mounted from the lounge, but there was a lurking lift at one corner, kept secret by a uniformed boy who carried a key and locked and unlocked it on demand. Every night there was an entertainment in the lounge by strolling professionals; even Sunday night there was a concert. The concert was good, being mainly Welsh in the singing, but the entertainment was

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truly deplorable; and the starting tear was the more compelled by the pity of having the head entertainer come round with a plate and gratefully receive whatever was dropped into it.

For shame and sorrow we paid what we thought would have been just gate money, and I dare say others did the same, but our hearts ached for the poor soul's humiliation, though he carried it off with a chipper ease and the queer gentlemanliness which seems the effect of the general civilization in England; his evening dress grieved one the more for him. But it was pleasant to have him speak to us in gratitude, for no one else spoke to us until the last night but one, when a kind lady had compassion on our isolation and took us into her friendly protection, so that we felt ourselves a part of society from that on. I cannot honestly say that it would have been different in America with the like hotel company or that I would myself have made up to two strangers under the circumstances. Perhaps the others were there for some ailment and were silent in question of the effect the free gases of the wells were having on their respective gout, rheumatism and neuralgia, and just how much argon, helium and radium were present in the waters. They might also have their doubts of the characteristic dryness of the Buxton air and the advantage of its great elevation above the sea. Even at a thousand feet the weather must have seemed very wet; and though the healing properties of the wells were known to the Romans, those Romans were without exception dead and could not be considered successful cases.

IV

In the morning the wisdom of the head porter decided us to abandon to the elements a day that had dawned so brightly and to take our chances in the town instead of venturing to Haddon Hall. The weather really had moments of relenting, and in one interval of the rain we saw the files of school children, who shared our courage, streaming down the street and making their way to the theater where they were to give the dances for the prizes offered. This was after the crowd, assembled on the hillside fronting the chief well and the Crescent, had scattered in despair of the promised dancing in the open there; but it is to be said of the theater that it was no damper or darker than the plain day, and that if the dances

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(such as they are now reviving all over England from the times when England was merrier than now, in ignorance of the Lloyd-Georgian oppression of the poor dear lords, and nobody questioned their right to go untaxed in their respective thousands of acres) were given on a stage, instead of the grounds before the wells, they had some advantages there. I am sorry I cannot report the theater as thronged, but there was gate money classified in amount according to your rank in life or your depth of pocket, and that made the difference, perhaps. The place smelled of wet woolens, but the enthusiasm of some small dogs could not be quite repressed. One of them chewed upon the gloves of an American spectator; it was explained by its mistress that she had tried to leave it at home, but it would not be left. The audience was mostly children in charge of those self-sacrificing elders who take children to shows the world over; and when the dances were done (not too early done) we all, children and elders, trooped out and witnessed the distribution of large baskets of buns among the dancers. Every child was entitled to a bun; a bun of the sort that seems native to the island and not known elsewhere; slightly sweetened, thick, far round and speckled with not infrequent currants. Personally, I never ventured upon such a bun, but a middle-aging American who once did so told me that he was not hungry again for three weeks. I am not saying that buns are worse than pop-corn balls.

We ourselves were not really entitled to buns, and as we were rather faint from our pleasure, we hurried to a very cozy little tea-shop which we had noted in a neighboring street and had cups of that delicious tea which they know how to make only in England. But here we observed, as often before and afterwards, that a tea-shop is either overcrowded or empty and that the service superabounds or insuffices. The mistress of the place was very happy in her inability to meet the wants of her guests and smilingly left them standing till tables should be vacated, and then thirsting till earlier orders should be filled. It was all very kindly and simple, and the muffins, when they came, were as good as the tea and no one could complain. The next day was Sunday, and the tea-shop was fast shut against the public, which slaked its tea thirst we could not imagine where. I notice the same rule in the New York tea-shops, and it remains a universal mystery how people who raven for tea and

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muffins on week-days are carried over the Sabbath with neither. It is, perhaps, a miracle.

V

That night we denied ourselves the entertainment in the lounge and went to the Fair which was to do its part, in the upper town, toward the festival of dressing the wells. It was an English Fair of those that follow holidays and anniversaries round the English year and purvey a simple joy to such as have pence or shillings to spend. There were streets of booths and tents lit, when the late twilight passed, with torches of smoky gasoline, and offering games and toys to the wanton desires of pleasure, or bargains in hardware, china, jewelry and haberdashery to adventurous thrift, with shrill cries of invitation from the showmen and showwomen. Every other booth or tent was for the joy of throwing things at Aunt Sallies and the masks of negroes, with prizes (preferably cocoanuts) for the successful marksmen; behind, the wagons were drawn up, and you heard between those clamors the soft deep breathing of horses and the muffled sound of their comfortable stamping. There were shows of several vaudeville types, some with a great outward splendor of gilded carving and some with the evanescent allure of clowns on the point of disappearing into the interior. There was, if my senses do not retroactively deceive me, a hiss and a smell of frying things, which were eaten from the fingers, and there were paper cones of American ice-cream, so called, which found acceptance with that amiable British public, though the mere sight of them sent the cold chills over the Americans who beheld them. There was no exhibition of fruits, or flowers, or live stock, or agricultural implements, such as take away the blame of the trotting-matches and balloon ascensions at our country fairs. But there were some serious attractions like character-reading by a sober-faced young man in a frock coat, from whom you learned to know yourself for a penny (or was it a tuppence?) and bore away a certificated detail of your qualities and the defects of them. Otherwise there was nothing but merry-making, with some palliation in the fact that nobody seemed to be made very merry, even by the merry-go-round. The fair folk seemed of another race from the town folk, and perhaps the free air and the open life breeds, under the

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swarthy skins, a gipsy soul wanting to their patrons. Quite alien to both sorts was the aging Italian sibyl always to be found at public joys the world over with her fortune-telling love-birds. After having my character read I could not help having my fortune told, and when I pleaded in Italian for a favorable destiny the sibyl was so glad of the sound of her home speech in the well-washed air of Buxton, that she instructed her bird to fit me out with a fate that a far younger man might have envied.

Put into words, it does not sound a boisterous festivity, but it sufficed to amuse the crowd that traipsed and clumped round and round and to and fro, and remained there under the flare of the smoky lamps long after their kindly noise had followed us down into the lower town past the pavilion in the park where the musicians, despairing in the rain, were putting up their string and wind instruments and leaving their wide-spreading fan of empty chairs to welter through the wet night. Not that the night was altogether wet. It had rained so aimlessly, so absent-mindedly, at the Fair that nobody seemed to notice it; but it was an earnest of showers to come, which read the riddle of the manageress's almost eager willingness to give us sunny rooms at the hotel. If we paid more for that sunny exposure (I do not know that we did) we were the more deceived, as poor Desdemona says. Or is it Ophelia?

That was the only fault of the hotel, and the hotel was not to blame for it. Otherwise it was so good that I am sure it would have had sun for us if it could. It was, like other provincial hotels, kept on the American plan, the European plan being unknown in Europe except for very transient stays; that is, there was an inclusive rate coming to about three dollars a day. The meals were served in courses and were very good, and the servitors were those Germans who resort to England in order to learn the language and (as the more jingoistic natives believe) to spy out the strategic nakedness of the land and prepare the way for a German invasion. They are invariably willing and prompt, and we were sorry to have a middle-aged lady of military bearing rather scold the poor fellow whose ministrations we shared with her; she was the only English person whom I ever heard harsh with a domestic; ordinarily the thank-yous and the pleases superabound from the served to the serving and back.

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VI

The next day being not only a Sunday, but a Sunday when we decided that it would be useless to go to Haddon Hall, which would be as fast shut as any tea-shop, we advised further with the head porter as to what we had better do. I do not know why a head porter should so often wear a red coat and a striped waistcoat with lustrous buttons or why these garments should lend him authority and compel faith in him, but they seem to do so. I myself would now think twice before trusting them, for I have sometimes found head porters of inferior judgment regarding routes and trains. Once a head porter in Liverpool sent us to Oxford by the London and Northwestern instead of the Great Western, with the result that we changed cars four times on the way, and at Oxford our conductor, with a little variation of uniform, degenerated into a porter and handled our baggage both large and small. I cannot make a like complaint of the head porter at Buxton; he remained of a pristine splendor to the last, and he advised us as well as we would let him concerning the drive we chose. We chose the drive to the Cat-and-Fiddle tavern mainly because the charge for it was lower than any other we could make out, and the air higher by some hundreds of feet than the air of Buxton, which is the highest in England. The charge was so much for the carriage and so much more for the driver, as at Great Malvern; and again I had to renounce my preference for a fixed rate in tips: the fee to the driver was about twice what I should have given if it had been left to my caprice. Still, I own that the principle is right, and the sum was not really bankrupting; if we could have had a little warmth of weather thrown in I should not now be murmuring. Even as it was, by muffling to the chin on a day which had not begun too bright for intervals between the rains, we contrived to enjoy the noble savagery of the moors to which we mounted.

Nothing surprises the New-Worldling more than this wildness which is so frequent in the Old World, where the hand of man might seem to have passed over every inch of the earth's surface. Here in the north of Derbyshire as in the south of Devonshire we traversed vast lonely wastes of moorland. The road trailed itself up and on and long before us as we climbed to the Cat-and-Fiddle, which at last grew a stony nubbin on the topmost reach, and lured us with a

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mystic promise of interest which the reader must seek the fulfilment of for himself. Now and then we passed a huge char-à-banc, or omnibus, lumbering upward with its twelve or twenty passengers devoutly trusting in this promise. Now and then it was a pedestrian we passed and oftenest a woman, young and of gentle rank apparently, who kept the solitary road without fear and evidently without danger; now and then a bicycler labored by or fell behind, walking his or her machine in the steep places. On every hand the great moorland drooped to the low horizon in one unchanging gloom of low scrub, mostly heather, I suppose, seamed by deep gulleys and scarred by the ineffectual fires that had been kindled to destroy it. The dull heavens clung close about it in clouds that meditated rain, and cold winds swept it in mid-June as if it had been in mid-November.

At last we stopped before the Cat-and-Fiddle, a plain two-story hostelry which bore a tablet on its front representing both these musical instruments, the hair of the one roughed backward by the blast and the strings of the other shrieking in the flaw. I say this for the dramatic effect; and perhaps I exaggerate, but one must do something to support the supposition that the Duke of Devonshire used to bring a cat and fiddle with him to help him make merry in his visits to an otherwise disconsolate inn. Besides the inn, there is an oblong tea-house of corrugated iron (much prized for temporary structures throughout England) on the summit, where the tourist may refresh himself under the shuddering roof. We would not enter either place, but straightway began our descent on the other side into the valley of what the guide-book calls "the infant Wye." It is a pretty valley when you climb down to it, but the way is by infrequent farms and past the furrowed flanks and humps of hopeless moorlands, where the heather, brown and blossomless at that season, gave the notion of the dense hides of monstrous pachyderms. There were gushes of foamy waters in some of the furrows, and where the heather gave way to hillside pasturage rough-coated cattle grazed. There were few figures of our own species to lend human interest to the scene, but when we got to the river's level it was cheerful enough with cottages and the gateways of statelier dwellings withdrawn into their favorite seclusion. One of these dwellings, indeed, stood close upon the highway, the owner clutching fast his narrow space of freehold

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and refusing to yield it for any money to the great noble whose estate presses him close upon every side.

It was a tenant of this noble who sold us the hospitality of his cottage near by, in the form of tea and bread and butter and the society of some friendly hens which gathered the crumbs at our feet in the porch where we ate and drank. The cottager and his wife were friendly, too, and when their other guests were gone they let us look through the clean, homelike place. It was built for solid shelter with walls three feet thick in the older part, but more windows in the newer. The kitchen was fitted with a good range and dresser, and the whole house looked comfortable if not cheerful; the kind young pair managed to live, and at the rent they paid for their moderate acreage they will help the duke to live, too, now that the great nobles have been reduced to penury by having to pay their just share of the land tax. Near the cottage is a quaint stone bridge which looks conscious of being resorted to every summer by painters for purposes of landscape. One had come in a van, such as the English like to return to nature in, and had lived close to the bridge, as the van, which he left behind him, still attests. In the heart of the peaceful scene is a range of powder-mills, which we paid sixpence to pass on a private road; driving very gingerly, we got by them in safety and back to Buxton alive.

VII

That was the night we had in the lounge a concert, and one's heart was not wrung with pity of such humorous acting as we had the next night. What consoled even then was the admirable decorum of the English audience under the infliction of the head joker's jokes; when he came round, a smilingly and bowingly self-respectful figure, nobody withheld his dole. But it was awful to think, if some day the poor man should realize how dull he was, what would become of him. It would be possibly as if a writer of detective stories should come to a sense of where he was in the scale of being. The kind English tolerance spares all such; or is it an insular insensibility to all differences in the good or bad which is not a moral good or bad? So the English suffer the bread of the cottage loaf unrepiningly when they could have French bread, and endure a climate of every vicissitude except dry and warm, when in their empire they have every beautiful weather under the sun to choose from.

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I continue to carp at the weather in Buxton, but if the truth must be told it was far better weather than we left at Boston the day we sailed ten days before, when we choked in the heat pushed seaward off the sweltering continent: a day following suddenly upon a June week of April cold. At least in Buxton you can get in out of the weather, but there was no escape from it in Boston. Yes, the English summer, as it is parceled out in days glum or gay from hour to hour, but always green and full of the perfume and color of flowers and sweet with the song of birds, is not so bad as I paint it, and I dare say the winter is even better; it cannot be worse.

As the next day woke raining, without even the delusory prelusive brightness, we decided finally to leave Dorothy Vernon to the chances of an elopement which we could not go to Haddon Hall all that way in the wet to countenance. Our baggage was hand-carted down a few rods from the hotel to the station by one of those German emissaries, a gentle youth who was very glad of my little German, but not too glad, because it helped retard the English he was trying to learn. He complained that the hotel service was so largely composed of his compatriots that he had no chance at the language of the country. We were sorry for him, but it showed how Providence watches over British interests under the very infestation of their enemies, whom it baffles not by the confusion of tongues, but by the hopeless unity of their speech.

The young porter seemed to understand an English shilling well enough and gratefully put our baggage into the van, where it instantly became luggage. The stations of the Midland Railway and the London and Northwestern lie side by side in Buxton and our train lay between them. It seemed as if it would go up to the metropolis either way we said, but as we had booked by the London and Northwestern the guard who looked at our tickets decided it had better go by that line.

W. D. Howells.

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"THE SONG-MAKERS"

BY MARY AUSTIN

THE talk had been going on for nearly an hour without affording me an occasion for saying anything, which was exceedingly tiresome.

"The fact is," said the Professor, and the rest of the company agreed with him, "that the only place you can hear Wagner as he should be, is at Beyreuth." The pines outside quivered at this announcement, and a blear old sea fog came and peered through the panes at us. Suddenly the fire-log snapped asunder.

The red glow leaped into a three-inch point of flame. Instantly the fog caught it by reflection a rod outside and made of it a desert camp-fire spiring upward from the crossed ends of the back log. Dark against it by some superior sort of refraction from my mind I could see the dreaming face of my friend Tinnemaha, the Medicine-man.

What I thought the Professor had said was that the only place nowadays where you could see any genuine song-dancing is in Shoshone Land, and, out of the velvet desert dark beyond, Kern River Jim answered him.

"But in the old days," said he, "right here in Sagharanite there was a Chisera who could sing the wind up out of the west with the rains behind it; and she could sing the rain away, too, when she had done with it; and you could no more be still when you heard her than the wind could, but you must get upon your feet and dance what she sang."

"In Shoshone Land," said Tinnemaha, "I remember a man who could dance the heart out of your bosom. He made a rattle of ram's horn stopped with a round of mescal stem, and would keep time with it. He taught me to dance some of his songs for a bag of taboose, but I could never match with him, for the best of his singing was that he made it new for every occasion."

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What the Professor was actually saying at that moment was that Wagner's intellectuality made it improbable that the French should ever be able to interpret him, but I went on listening to Tinnemaha, for, besides being much the same sort of talk, it was vastly more interesting.

"Nowadays in the schools," said he, "they teach our children white men's songs, but they do not lay hold on your insides as the old songs do. White man's songs, they talk too much." He dropped out of his native speech into the clipped English in which he courteously held any criticism of white men's ways should be couched. "White man sings too much with his mouth," said he, "but Shoshone sings here"—he extended his hand across his body, palm inward, with that most expressive gesture of the Indian to include the whole region of the solar plexus, the seat of the Inside Man who sings and is sung to—"here." The hand moved outward, slightly clutching at the strings of sympathy.

"Sometimes," he went on, "you see Indian man singin' an' dancin'; he cryin' while he singin'. 'Tain't the words that make him cry. I'ss what he thinkin' 'bout when he sing."

"Last night," said Kern River Jim, "I dreamed that I sang, and when I awoke I was crying, but my song had gone from me."

"It was the wolf-song," said Tinnemaha; and we were quiet while the flames lapped and flickered, musing on what I have told you in another place, how there was a man who, when the people met together, had no song and greatly desired one and was unhappy over it. Then one day he bought a song from the wolf for a basket of tule roots and sang it amid the tribe that night until the earth under him was beaten to a fine dust and he fell into the deep trance which waits beyond the last ecstasy of song.

So the wolf came in the night and stole his song away. I remembered me of an equally old tale of a Saxon singer, and I thought, Beast-god or Man-god, the myth told quite as much as I had been able to fathom for myself of the source of all songs, dropping into the mind spread to receive them, quietly as the shed ashes of the fire.

"But all your songs," I wished to know, "do they come so from inside you?"

"Every man's own song," they averred, "the one he makes for himself, and no one dares sing without his per-

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mission. But sometimes when it is a very good song he bequeaths it to his friend, and the tribe uses it; other times a man's song is so precious that no one gets to know very well what it is about, and it dies with him."

"And when does a man make a song?"

"How can I tell?" questioned Tinnemaha. "It is when his Inside Man is raised up within him. Perhaps when he has killed his first buck or made a woman to know that he is man. When his son is born or his enemy is slain. Who knows his great moment?"

"There was one I knew," said Kern River Jim, "who made a song when he was drunk. Three days he had herded the Bar-N cattle up Tunawai in a sand-storm, scarcely eating or sleeping while the storm lasted, and when it was done the foreman gave him as much whiskey as he liked, and when he was well drunken he made a song." Jim's eyes twinkled. "It was a good song."

I remembered to have heard that air, the most lugubrious Indian melody I had known, and thought I should have felt just that way if I had been thoroughly intoxicated, but Jim esteemed it humorous.

We fell a-talking then of the songs that are not personal, but come down to the people from old times: cradle-songs, love-songs, songs for the beginning and the end of journeys.

Tinnemaha stood up and began to sing one of Victory:

"Ha . . . ah—a,
Ha . . . ah—a!"

A sharp, throaty noise, as if the Inside Man had waked and fed on what he relished:

"Ha . . . ah—a!"

while the Medicine-man stamped and swayed:

"Come, O ye buzzards,
The feast is prepared!
Ha . . . ah!"

until I could fairly hear the sweep of their wide wings between the naked dead and naked heaven.

"My father saw that song made when he was a young man and we fought the Mojaves. We had killed the best of their fighting men and taken away their weapons, for they had long arrows that entangled in the brush so that they could not shoot so fast as our men with the shorter shafts.

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The dead were beginning to swell, and one of our men danced among them and made a song.

"Then one and another of ours took it from him, and all the way home they danced it until the women heard them returning on the trails. So the song came to the Shoshones."

"And do you always dance when you sing?"

"How else should it be?" said Tinnemaha, with mild amazement.

"First," said he, "the song *is*, then there are three things —the dance and the music—

"Ha . . . ah—a!"

The muscles of his chest rippled under the thin cotton shirt, the throaty syllables gurgled out of him as though jarred by the rhythm of his dancing. "And then," he finished, "there are the words. Sometimes the words are very old and are forgotten, and the people make new words, but it is not a new song because of that. The song is behind them."

It flashed upon me inwardly as accounting for the accompaniment of meaningless syllables that ran along with much of their tribal ceremonial, swelling with the movement of the ritual into even billows of song with just a sentence or two like a riffle of foam on the crest of each; the song behind the song singing itself out of all their memories and knowledges.

"Give me that song again which you danced for me at the beginning of wild almond bloom," I begged, beating with my hands a sketch of the body rhythm that accompanied it.

"The grass is on the mountain,"

crooned Kern River Jim. "It is a very old song of the Paiutes."

"And the song behind it?" I urged.

"'Oh, a long time
The snow is over all the mountain.
The deer have come down and the big-horn,
They have passed over Waban.
A long time now we have eaten seeds
And dried flesh of the summer's killing,
We are wearied of our huts.
The mists have come down like a tent,
They have hid the mountain.
And on a day suddenly comes the sun.
The mists are withered away,
The grass is seen on the mountain!'

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"Therefore," said Jim, "we make a dance and go to the meadow to look for taboose and the young shoots of the tule.

"Also," said he, "I remember a song a woman made to me on Kern River. I had come to it late in the evening and found it big with rains. The woman had a wickiup on the other side and went about her fire to tend the cakes; I called across to her, but I did not attempt the river because of the flood, and I saw that the woman was alone and no man came to her. By and by when it was dark she piled pitchy boughs on the fire till it leaped up and showed the straight high pines and the river between us like a thick, hurrying snake. Then she made a song and I heard it above the water. So I went into the river as I was, and the woman pulled me out half dead on the other side. But I did not mind it because of the song."

"And the song was?"

"The fire burns," quoted Jim. "It leaps up and nobody is warmed by it. Though it was a very long time ago, I have never forgotten it." I did not ask him for the song behind that. . . .

Once when I had tried to persuade Poco Bill to render a love-song he had refused on the ground that "white men don't like those kind of words. Thass all right song for Paiute, but with white man those words mean bad." Later when one of the women translated the song for me I felt how immeasurably we had dropped behind the Indian in having no words with which to communicate the issues of life except such as "mean bad."

"But still," I insisted, "I do not understand why you must dance. We also have many songs, but we do not dance to them."

Something drifted down to me just then from the talk going on over my head to remind me that when the white man sings best and most expensively he comes as near dancing as is compatible with the utmost breath: feet of innumerable choruses twinkled across my memory, but I didn't exactly see my way to explain that to the Medicine-man. I had heard a great deal that evening of how a certain cantatrice had waved her arms and swung her magnificent torso in the part of Lucia; there was not a whisper of why. I had seen the bucks in the beginning of October pawing up the earth in deep ravines, pawing and tossing their branched foreheads with a slow, majestic rhythm, and once at Buena

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Vista, where the slough fell over the ruined drop into the vast reedy lagoon, long since drained away to profitable fields, there in the middle of the hot morning mist I had seen the dipping of the pelicans to their mates, the strange wing-bowing, the retreats and advances of tall water-birds, with the white expanse of wing feather against the fawn-colored land, most like the extended arms and floating draperies that flee forever about the red ground of an Etruscan vase. I had seen these and divers wonders that, with due respect to Mr. Darwin, I didn't altogether accept as the procreant urge of the world.

That was a good theory as far as it went, but it failed to explain the dance of the Grass on the Mountain, nor why the tenor felt obliged to declare his undying opposition to the basso with both arms at length in the direction of his chest expansion.

At any rate, it would be interesting to know what the Medicine-man said of it. He said it very much to the point.

"We dance always," said he. "It is the shortest road to the Friend of the Soul of Man."

I had heard more or less of this Friend among all the Indians I had known or known about, under various names: Great Spirit, The Mystery, The Power, The Trues, God or Holy Ghost. It has nothing to do with their ordinary spirits or supernaturals, has no appearance and no history. It is the supreme intelligence, perhaps, that plane of consciousness touched in great crises along which runs from mind to mind communicating fire. Through it cures are affected and messages transmitted from the dead.

"By dancing," said the Medicine-man, "the Inside Man erects itself, it is lifted up, it lays hold on the Friend; then singing comes, and many things are possible that were not."

"What things?"

Tinnemaha considered. "Do you know Mahala Joe?"

"Who was condemned to wear a woman's dress because he once ran away from battle?"

"He was scarcely grown and it was his first fight," said the Medicine-man, excusingly. "But it is not an easy thing to appear as a woman in the face of men, and Joe has told me often that unless he had danced greatly, until the Friend knew him for a very man, he could not have continued in it."

"It was he," continued Jim, "who danced the fear out of our minds during the great sickness."

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This was an epidemic of pneumonia which decimated the campodies a few years back, and Tinnemaha nearly lost his life in it, according to the Paiute law, because his own dancing failed to check the progress of the disorder.

"That," he acknowledged, "was because there was no fear in the mind of Mahala Joe. But it is true that by dancing much for one's self the power grows. There was Carson Charlie. His father had been shot by a Washoe in a very old quarrel, and Charlie should have killed the killer, but he had been to Carson to school where they showed him the Jesus road and he was soft-hearted. Then I took him apart in the hills, for his father was my friend and it is not right that the son should grow fat while the killer of his father is abroad. Three days we danced and sang together, and it was not easy for Charlie, he had been to school so long; but I taught him our ancient dances. Three days I strove with him, fasting, and in the end he found the Friend."

"And—?" I queried—the flicker of a smile played on the face of Tinnemaha—"and he was also not so soft-hearted."

He took up my thought and carried it on beyond the personal instance. "It is so," he said; "by dancing power comes to medicine the souls of men."

"And the bodies?" But, in fact, he had no phrases to signify the partition of man into physical and spiritual which is the graft of theology on an unscientific observation of life.

What he really believed was that if the Inside Man was invulnerable, as he might be made by Good Medicine, to assault of weapon or disease, so would his outside be. I had seen a Shoshone Medicine-dancer cure an abscess on the lungs by this method, and a Methodist Evangelist brings souls to healing by singing of hymns and pounding the pulpit, and found the processes not entirely dissimilar, but it hadn't occurred to me until now to attempt the valuation of literature and art on the same basis. O Dante! O Bach! The shortest road to the Friend of the Soul of Man!

I explained to Tinnemaha that we had songs and other matters of our own with which merely to be confronted was to be shot upward into the plane of power, but we hadn't been able, except in rare instances, to manage it with our dances.

"That," said the Medicine-man, "is because you do not dance to yourselves." He went on to say that once when he

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had been to Reno, in the matter of the Washoe Boundary Dispute, he had seen some dancing-women at a theater, and he was quite explicit as to the effect upon his outside. But when a man danced to himself and the Friend, it was otherwise. He thought it was reasonable, the Inside Man being so entangled with the body that when it began to move itself aright the body would respond first, and when, by free motion the spirit ascended, then the song came and visions and healing.

"It is so," he explained, "that it is more fortunate to die in battle. For if a man dies before disease has eaten him, he can the better make his song." . . . It had taken, of course, much more explanation than this, on divers occasions, for me to understand that death to an Indian is no such catastrophe as we modernly conceive it; rather an incident which even their gods and Great Ones are liable to suffer, but it needed no further touch just then to have me see in all manner of dying rites, death songs, battle cries, extreme unction, a vine of the spirit climbing till it laid hold on the Friend and sustained itself in the swelling of Jordan. I knew without doubt where I should go if I died immediately upon reading:

> "I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
> When in the woods of Crete they bayed the bear."

Good Medicine! There I had the whole business of song-makers; painted songs, printed songs, or whatever; not to preach, not to please merely, but to make a short road to the mood of power, to touch the Friend. But you had by Tinnemaha's account to touch him yourself first, to swing up by the skirts of the Great Moment and to let down a hand to stumbling men.

The fire snapped and went out; the two ends of the back log burned so far asunder that unless you had seen the live flame at work on them you couldn't have told that they belonged together any more than the two ends of the conversations—mine with the Medicine-man, and the talk within the room, which had by this time fallen off into that reminiscent exchange of dates and places, as to when you last heard Melba or where you saw the portrait of Whistler's mother, which many estimable folk pursue determinedly under the fond imagination that they are talking Art.

As the company rose for breaking up I stood up with

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them, and it occurred to somebody to inquire why I hadn't said anything for quite an hour.

"I was thinking," I said by way of reply, "that I should like to write a song like this."

I swung my arms out, palms upward, the chest raised, the body slightly swaying forward, saluting the six Quarters, as I had seen the Medicine-man in the business of the cure of souls, and the company, especially the younger portion of it, looked at me commiseratingly. They understood that it was not my fault that I hadn't at that time had the advantage of the Metropolitan Museum and Covent Garden, and they meant, of course, to be kind. I could see the Professor, visibly in the interest of hospitality, hold back a disposition to lecture me. But they do not know even yet why I didn't particularly mind it.

MARY AUSTIN.

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UNDER THE YOKE

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

If ever there was a nation which ought to have a fellow-feeling with subject races it is the inhabitants of England. I have heard of no land so frequently subjected, unless, perhaps, it were northern India. Round-headed builders of round tombs were subjected by long-headed builders of long tombs; and long-headed builders of tombs were subjected by builders of Stonehenge; for five hundred years the builders of Stonehenge were a subject race to Rome; Roman-British civilization was subjected to barbarous Jutes and heavy Saxons; Britons, Jutes and Saxons became the subjects of Danes; Britons, Jutes, Saxons and Danes lay as one subject race at the feet of the Normans. As far as subjection goes, English history is like a house that Jack built:

> "This is the Norman nobly born,
> Who conquered the Dane that drank from a horn,
> Who harried the Saxon's kine and corn,
> Who banished the Roman all forlorn,
> Who tidied the Celt so tattered and torn,"

and so on, back to the prehistoric Jack who built the round house of the dead.

Our later subjections to the French, the Scots, the Dutch and the Germans, who have in turn ruled our courts and fattened on their favors, have not been so violent or so complete; but for some centuries they depressed our people with a sense of humiliation, and they have left their mark upon our national character and language. Indeed, our language is a synopsis of conquests, a stratification of subjections. We can hardly speak a sentence without recording a certain number of the subject races from which we have sprung. The only one ever left out is the British, and that survives in the names of our most beautiful rivers and

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mountains. It is true that all of our conquerors have come to stay—all with the one exception of Rome. We have never formed part of a distant and foreign empire except the Roman. Even our Norman invaders soon regarded our country as the center of their power and not as a province. Nevertheless, nearly every branch of our interwoven ancestry has at one time or other suffered as a subject race, and perhaps from that source we derive the quality that Mark Twain perceived when at the Jubilee Procession of our Empire he observed, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Perhaps also for this reason we raise the Recessional prayer for a humble and a contrite heart, lest we forget our history—lest we forget.

We pray in contrite humility to remember, but we have forgotten. In speaking lately of Finland's loss of liberty, Madame Malmberg, the Finnish patriot, said that in old days, when their liberties seemed secure, the Finns felt no sympathy with other nationalities—the Poles, the Georgians, or the Russians themselves—struggling to be free. They did not know what it was to be a subject race. They could not realize the degrading loss of nationality. They were soon to learn, and they know how. We have not learned. We have forgotten our lesson. That is why we remain so indifferent to the cry of freedom and to the suppression of nationality all over the world. Let us for a moment imagine that something terrible has happened; that our statesmen have at last got their addition sums in Dreadnoughts right, and have learned by hard experience that we have less than two to one and therefore are wiped from the seas; or that our august Russian ally, using Finland as a base, has established an immense naval port in the Norwegian fiords and thence poured the Tartar and Cossack hordes over our islands. Let us imagine anything that might leave some dominant Power supreme in London and reduce us for the sixth or seventh time to the position of a subject race. Where should we feel the difference most? Let us suppose that the conqueror retained our country as part of his empire, just as we have retained Ireland, India, Egypt and the South-African Dutch republics; or as Russia has retained Poland, Georgia, Finland, the Baltic Provinces and Siberia, and is on the point of retaining Persia; or as Germany has retained Poland and Alsace-Lorraine; or as France has retained Tonquin and an enormous empire in

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northwest Africa and is on the point of retaining Morocco; or as Austria has retained Bohemia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, and many other nationalities. Let us only judge of what might happen to us by observing what is actually happening in other instances at this moment.

The dominant Power—let us call it Germany for short and merely as an illustration—would at once appoint its own subjects to all the high positions of State. England would be divided into four sections under German Governor-Generals and there would be German Governor-Generals in Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Germans would be appointed as District Commissioners to collect revenue, try cases, and control the police. A Council of Germans, with a proportion of nominated British lords and squires, would legislate for each province, and perhaps, after a century or so, as a great concession a small franchise might be granted, with special advantages to Presbyterians, the German Governor-General retaining the right to reject any candidate and to veto all legislation. A German Viceroy, surrounded by a Council in which the majority was always German, and the chief offices of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Commander-in-Chief of the army, and so forth, were always filled by Germans, would hold a Court at Windsor and Buckingham Palace. We should have to undertake the support of Lutheran Churches for the spiritual consolation of our rulers. We should be given a German Lord Mayor. German would be the official language of the country, though interpreters might be allowed in the law courts. Public examinations would be conducted in German, and all candidates for the highest civilian posts would have to go to Germany to be educated. The leading newspapers would be published in German and a strict censorship established over the *Times* and other rebellious organs. The smallest criticism of the German Government would be prosecuted as sedition. English papers would be confiscated, English editors heavily fined or imprisoned, English speakers deported to the Orkneys without trial or cause shown. Writers on liberty, such as Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Burke, Mill and Lord Morley, would be forbidden. The works of even German authors like Schiller, Heine and Karl Marx would be prohibited, and a pamphlet written by a German and founded on official evidence to prove the injustice and tortures to which the English people

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were exposed under the German system of police would be destroyed. On our railways English gentlemen and ladies would be expected to travel second or third class, or, if they traveled first, they would be exposed to Teutonic insolence and would probably be turned out by some German official. Public buildings would be erected in the German style. English manufacturers and all industries would be hampered by an elaborate system of excise which would flood our markets with German goods. Such art as England possesses would disappear. Arms would be prohibited. The common people, especially in Scotland and the northwest provinces, would be encouraged to recruit in the native army under the command of German officers, and the Scottish regiments would maintain their proud tradition; but no British officer would be allowed to rise above the rank of sergeant-major. The Territorials would be disbanded. The Boy Scouts would be declared seditious associations. If a party of German officers went fox-shooting in Leicestershire, and the villagers resisted the slaughter of the sacred animal, some of the leading villagers would be hanged and others flogged during the execution. Our National Anthem would begin: "God save our German king! Long live our foreign king!" The singing of "Rule, Britannia," would be regarded as a seditious act.

I am not saying that so complete a subjection is possible. We believe that in a powerful, wealthy, proud and highly civilized country like ours it would not be possible. All I say is that, if we assume it possible, something like that would be our condition if we were treated by the dominant Power as we ourselves are treating other races which were powerful, wealthy, proud and, in their own estimation, highly civilized when we invaded or otherwise obtained the mastery over them. I am only trying to suggest to ourselves the mood and feelings of a subject race—the humble and contrite heart for which we pray as God's ancient sacrifice. If we wish to be done by as we do, these are some incidents in the government we should lie under when we were reduced beneath a dominant power, as India and Egypt are reduced beneath ourselves. I have not taken the worst instances of the treatment of subject races I could find. I have not spoken of the old methods of partial or complete extermination whether in Roman Europe or Spanish and British Americas; nor have I spoken of the partial or complete

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enslavement of subject races in the Dutch, British, Portuguese, Belgian and French regions of Africa. I have not dwelt upon the hideous scenes of massacre, torture, devastation and lust which I have myself witnessed in Macedonia under the Turks and in the Caucasus, the Baltic Provinces and Poland under Russia when subject races attempted some poor effort to regain their freedom. I have not even mentioned the old ruin and slaughter of Ireland or the latest murder of a nation in Finland. I have taken my comparison from the government of subject races at what is probably its very best; at all events, at what the English people regard as its best—the administration of India and Egypt—and we have no reason to suppose that Germany would administer England better if we were a subject race under the German Empire.

If Germany did as well she would have something to say for herself. She might lay stress on the great material advantages she would bestow on this country. Such industries as she left us she would reorganize on the Kartel system. She would much improve our railways by unifying them as a State property, so that even our southeastern trains might arrive in time. She would overhaul our education, ending the long wrangle between religious sects by abolishing all distinctions. She would erect an entirely new standard of knowledge, especially in natural science, chemistry and bookkeeping. She would institute special classes for prospective chauffeurs and commercial travelers. She would abolish Eton, Harrow and the other public schools, together with the college buildings of Oxford and Cambridge, converting them all into barracks, while the students would find their own lodgings in the towns and stand on far greater equality in regard to wealth. German is not a very beautiful language, but it has a literature, and we should have the advantage of speaking German and learning something of German literature and history. Great improvements would be introduced in sanitation, town-planning and municipal government, and we should all learn to eat black bread, which is much more wholesome than white.

In a large part of the country peasant proprietors would be established, and the peasants as a whole would be far better protected against the exactions and petty tyranny of the landlords than they are at present. Under the pressure

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of external rule, all the troublesome divisions and small animosities between English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh would tend to disappear, though the Germans might show special favor to the Scotch and Presbyterians generally on the principle of "Divide and Rule," just as we show special favor to the Mohammedans of India. We should, of course, be compelled to contribute to the defense of the Empire and should pay the expenses of the large German garrisons quartered in our midst and of the German cruisers that patrolled our shores. But as we should have no fleet of our own to maintain, and in case of foreign aggression could draw upon the vast resources of the German Empire, our taxation for defense would probably be considerably reduced from its present figure of about seventy millions a year.

That, I think, is an impartial statement of the reasons which some dominant Power, such as Germany, might fairly advance in defense of her rule if we were included in a foreign Empire. At all events, they very closely resemble the reasons we put forward to glorify the services of our Empire to India and Egypt. I suppose also that the Fabians among ourselves would support the foreign domination, just as their leaders supported the overthrow of the Boer republics, on the ground that larger states bring the Fabian—the very Fabian—revolution nearer. And, perhaps, the Social Democrats would support it by an extension of their theory that the social millennium can best arrive from a condition of general enslavement. The Cosmopolitans would support it as tending to obliterate the old-fashioned distinctions of nationality that impede the unity of mankind, while a host of German pedants and poets would pour out libraries in praise of the Anglo-Teutonic races united at last in irresistible brotherhood and standing ready to take up the Teuton's burden imposed upon the Blood by the special ordinance of the Lord.

The parallel is false, you may say; the conditions are not the same; in spite of all material and educational advantages, we in England would never endure such subjection; we should live in a state of perpetual rebellion; our troops would mutiny; much as we all detest assassination, the lives of our foreign Governors would hardly be secure. I agree. I hope there is implanted in all of us such a hatred of subjection that we should conspire to die rather than endure it. I only wish to suggest to you the mood of a

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subject race, under the best actual conditions of subjection—to suggest that other peoples may possibly feel an equal hatred toward foreign domination—and to supply in ourselves something of that imaginative sympathy which Madame Malmberg tells us the Finns only learned after their own freedom had been overthrown.

We feel at once that something far more valuable than all the material, or even moral, advantages which a dominant Power might give us would be involved in the overthrow of our independent nationality. That something is nationality itself. But what is nationality? As Dr. Johnson said of the camel, it is difficult to define, but we know it when we see it. Or, as St. Augustine said of Time, "I know what it is when you don't ask me." Nationality implies a stock or race, an inborn temperament, with certain instincts and capacities. It is the slow production of forgotten movements and obscure endeavors that cannot be repeated or restored. It is sanctified by the long struggles of growth and by the affection that has gathered round its history. If nationality has kindled and maintained the light of freedom, it is illuminated by a glory that transforms mountain poverty into splendor. If it has endured tyranny, its people are welded together by a common suffering and a common indignation. At the lowest the people of the same nationality have their customs, their religion, generally their language—that most intimate bond—and always the familiar outward scenes of earth and water, hill and plain and sky breathing with memories. Nationality enters into the soul of each man or woman who possesses it. Mr. Chesterton at a recent conference well described it as a sacrament. It is a silent oath, an invisible mark. Life receives from it a particular color. It is felt as an influence in action and in emotion, almost in every thought. In freedom it sustains conduct with a proud assurance of community and reputation. Under oppression, it may fuse all the pleasant uses of existence into one consuming channel of fanatical devotion. It has inspired the noblest literature and all the finest forms of art. Chiefly in countries where the flame of nationality burned strong and clear has the human mind achieved its greatest miracles of beauty, thought and invention. Nationality possesses that dæmonic and incalculable quality from which almost anything may be expected in the way of marvel, just as certain spiky plants

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that have not varied winter or summer for years in their habitual unattractiveness will suddenly shoot up a ten-foot spire of radiant blossom abounding in honey. Chiefly by nationality has the human race been preserved from the dreariness of ant-like uniformity and has retained the power of variation which appears to be essential for the highest development of life. With what pleasure, during our travels, we discover the evidences of nationality even in such things as dress, ornaments, food, songs and dancing; still more in thought, speech, proverbs, literature, music and the higher arts! With what regret we see those characteristics swept away by the advancing tide of dominant monotony and Imperial dullness! The loss may seem trivial compared with the loss of personal or political freedom, but it is not trivial. It is a symptom of spiritual ruin. How deep a degradation of intellect and personality is shown by the introduction of English music-hall songs among a highly poetic people like the Irish, or by the vulgar corruption of India's superb manufactures and forms of art under the blight of British commerce! You know the Persian carpets, of what magical beauty they are in design and color. When I was on the borders of Persia four years ago the Persian carpet merchants were selling one kind of carpet with a huge red lion being shot by a sportsman in the middle of it to please the English, and another kind decorated with a Parisian lady in a motor to please the Russians. From those carpets one may realize what the English Government's acquiescence in the subjection of Persia really involves.

No subject race can entirely escape this degradation. No matter how good the government may be or how protective, all forms of subjection involve a certain loss of manhood. Under an alien Power the nature of the subject nationality becomes soft and dependent. Instead of working out its own salvation, it looks to the government for direction or assistance in every difficulty. Atrophy destroys its power of action. It loses the political sense and grows incapable of self-help or self-reliance. The stronger faculties, if not extinguished, become mutilated. In Ireland, even to-day, we see the result of domination in the continued belief that the British Government which has brought the country to ruin possesses the sole power of restoring it to prosperity. In India we see a people so enervated by alien and paternal government that they have hardly the courage or energy to

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take up such small responsibilities in local government as may be granted them. This is what a true Liberal statesman, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, meant by his wise saying that self-government is better than good government. And it might be further illustrated by the present condition of the largest subject race in the world—the race of women—to whom all the protective legislation and boasted chivalry and lap-dog petting, fondly supposed to be lavished upon them by men, are not to be compared in personal value with just the small right to a voice in the management of their own and national affairs.

Such mutilation of character is the penalty of subjection at its best. At its worst the subject race pays the penalty in tormenting rancor, undying hatred, and the savage indignation that tears the heart. It may be said that indignation is at all events better than loss of manhood, and I entirely agree. Where there is despotism it may well be that for this reason a cruel despotism is less harmful than a paternal despotism—less harmful, I mean, to the individual soul, which is the only thing that counts. But the soul that is choked by hatred and torn by indignation is not at its best. Its functions go wrong, its sight is distorted, its judgment perturbed, its sweetness poisoned, its laughter killed. The whole being suffers and is changed. For a time it may blaze with a fierce, a magnificent intensity. But we talk of a "consuming rage," and the phrase is profoundly true. Rage is a consuming fire, always a glorious fire, a wild beacon in the night of darkness, but it consumes to ashes the nature that is its fuel.

Loss of manhood or perpetual rancor—those are the penalties imposed on the soul of a subject race. Nor does the dominant race escape scot free. Far from it. On the whole, it suffers a deeper degradation. A dominant race, like a domineering person, is always disagreeable and always a bore, and the nearer it is to the scene of domination the more disagreeable and wearisome it becomes, just as a tyrannical man is worst at home. I have known English people start as quiet, pleasing, modest and amiable passengers in a P. & O. from Marseilles, but become less endurable every twenty-four hours of the fortnight to Bombay. There are noble and conspicuous exceptions alike in the army, the Indian Civil Service, and among the officers scattered over the Empire. But, as a rule, we may say that the worst char-

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acteristics not only of our own but of all dominant races, such as the French, Germans and Russians, are displayed among their subject peoples. If, indeed, the subjects are on a level with spaniels that can be beaten or patted alternately and retain an equal affection and respect, the English son of squires thoroughly enjoys his position and does the beating and patting well. But it is always with a certain loss of humor and common humanity; it brings a kind of stiffness and pedantry such as Charles Lamb complained of in the old-fashioned type of schoolmaster. It exaggerates a sense of Heaven-born superiority which, Heaven knows! the English squire has no need to exaggerate.

I am not one of those who set out to "crab" my countrymen. We have lately had so much criticism and contempt poured upon us by more intelligent people like the Irish, the Germans and the ex-President of the United States that sometimes I have been driven to wonder whether we may not somewhere possess some element worthy of respect. But, keeping the lash in our own discriminating hands, we should probably all admit that in regard to other people's feelings and ideas we are rather insensitive as a nation. This form of unimaginative obtuseness undoubtedly increased during the extension of our grip upon subject races between the overthrow of Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill and the end of the Boer war. Perhaps those fifteen years were the most entirely vulgar period of our history, and vulgarity springs from an insensitive condition of mind. It will be a terrible recompense if the price of our world-wide Empire is an Imperial vulgarity upon which the sun never sets.

There is another danger, not so subtle and pervading, but more likely to escape the notice of people who are not themselves acquainted with the frontiers of Empire. It is the production and encouragement of a set of scoundrels and wasters who trade upon our country's prestige to rob, harry and even enslave the members of a subject race while they pose as the pioneers of Empire and are held up by sentimental travelers, like Mr. Roosevelt, as examples of toughness and courage to the victims of monotonous toil who live at home at ease. There is no call either for Mr. Roosevelt's pity or admiration. I have known those wasters well and have studied all their tricks for turning a dirty half-crown. They enjoy more pleasure and greater ease in a day than any London shop assistant or bank clerk in a month. They

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take up the white man's burden and find it light, because it is the black man who carries it. Of all the impostors that nestle under our flag, I have found none more contented with their lot or more harmful to our national repute than the "toughs" who devour our subject races and stand in photographic attitudes for Mr. Kipling to slobber over. These scoundrels and wasters are a far worse evil than most people think, for they erect a false ideal which easily corrupts youth with its attraction, and they furnish ready instruments for land-grabbers and company directors, as is too often seen in their onslaughts upon Zulus, Basutos and other half-savage peoples whom they desire to exterminate or enslave. They are a singularly poisonous by-product of Empire, all the more poisonous for their brag; and though they belong to the class whom their relations gladly contribute to emigrate, they are far worse employed in debauching and plundering our so-called fellow-subjects in Africa than they would be in the brothels, gambling-dens, pigeon-shooting inclosures, workhouses, and jails of their native land. Of course, it is very useful to have dumping-grounds for our wasters, and it is pleasant to reflect upon the seven thousand miles of sea between one's self and one's worthless nephew, but a dumping-ground for nepotism can scarcely be considered the noblest object of conquest.

Why is it, then, that one nation desires to subjugate another at all? Sometimes the object has simply been space—the pressure of population upon the extent of ground. Pastoral and nomad hordes, like the "Barbarians" and Tartars, have had that object, but, as a rule, it has ended in their own absorption. The motives of the Roman Empire were strangely mixed. Plunder certainly came in; trade came in; in later times the slave-trade and the supply of corn to Rome were great incentives. The personal advantage and ambition of prominent statesmen like Sulla or Cæsar were the true aim of many conquests. The extension of religion had nothing at all to do with it, for the Romans had the decency to keep their gods to themselves and never slaughtered in the name of Jove. But they were compelled to Empire by a peculiar conviction of destiny. They did not destroy or subdue other peoples so much for glory as from a sense of duty. It was their Heaven-sent mission to rule. Their poet advised other nations to occupy themselves with wisdom, learning, statuary, the arts, or what they pleased; it was the Roman's task

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to hold the world in sway. To the Roman the object of Empire was Empire. It seemed to him the natural thing to conquer every other nation, making the world one Rome. That was, in fact, his true religion, and we can but congratulate him on the unshaken faith of his self-esteem. The Turk, on the other hand, who was the next Imperial race, boasted no city and no self-conscious superiority of laws or race. He subdued the nations only in the name of God, and to all who accepted God he nobly extended the vision of Paradise and a complete equality of earthly squalor. The motives of medieval and more recent conquests were the strangest of all. They were usually dynastic. They depended on the family claim of some family man to a title implying actual possession of another country and all its population. There was always one claimant against another claimant, this heir against that heir, as though the destinies of nationality could be settled by a line of parchment or a love-affair with a princess. People grew so accustomed to this folly that even now we hardly realize its absurdity. Yet I suppose if the King of Spain left his kingdom by will to his well-beloved cousin George of England, not an English wherry would stir to take possession, and our newspapers would merely remark that there was always a strain of insanity in the Spanish branch of the Bourbons. Two hundred years ago such a will would have produced a prolonged and devastating war. Something is gained. We have eliminated royal families from the motives of conquest.

In the extension and maintenance of our own Empire all previous motives have been combined. We have pleaded want of space; we have sought slaves either for export or for local labor; we have sought plunder and also trade or "markets"; we have sought dumping-grounds for our wasters and careers for our public school-boys; like the Turks and Spaniards, we have sought to promote the knowledge of our God by the slaughter and enslavement of his creatures; like the Romans, we have thought it our manifest duty to paint the world red and rule it. But within the last sixty or seventy years we have added the further motive most aptly expressed by the late King Leopold of Belgium in the document by which he obtained his rights over the Congo: I mean "the moral and material amelioration" of the subject peoples. That was a motive unknown to the ancients, though the Romans came near it when they granted equal

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citizenship to all provincials—a measure far in advance of any concession of ours. And it was unknown to the Middle Ages, though Turks and Spaniards came near it when they destroyed the infidels for their good and opened heaven to converted slaves and corpses. To subjugate a nationality for its own moral and material advantage is something new in history. It sounds the true hypocritical note. That is not a pleasant note, but it is a sign of change, an evidence of hope. In the Boer War our real objects were to paint the country red on the maps and to exploit the gold-mines. But some people said we were fighting for equal rights; some said it was to insure good treatment for the natives; some thought we were Christianizing the Boers; one man told me "the Boers wanted washing." All those excuses were false and hypocritical. But they were tributes to virtue. They were a recognition that the old motives of Empire no longer sufficed. They exposed the hypocrites themselves to the retort of serious and innocent people:—"Very well, then. If these were your motives, give equal rights, protect the natives, Christianize the Boers, wash them if you can." It is a retort against which hypocrisy cannot long stand out. It proves that a new standard of judgment is slowly forming in the world. But for this new standard, where would be the Congo agitation, or the movement against the Portuguese cocoa slavery or such sympathy as exists with the Nationalists of India? When the doctrines of equal rights or even of moral and material amelioration are assumed by hypocrisy, honesty will at last raise her protest and hypocrites be no longer allowed to reap the harvest of a quiet lie.

It is an advance. As history counts time it is a rapid advance. Now that Russia is reducing Finland to a state of entire subjection without even a pretext of right or the shadow of a pretense at improved civilization, a general feeling of shame and loss pervades Europe. The governments do not move, but here and there the peoples raise a protest. Not even the most thorough-going champions of Imperialism, such as the *Times,* ventured to defend the action. They contented themselves with Cain's excuse that the murder was no affair of ours. A century and a half ago they would not have needed an excuse. No protest would have been raised. It did not matter what nationality was enslaved. There is an advance; we have now to extend it. In regard to races already subject, we have but to act up to the plead-

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ings of our own hypocrisy; we have to maintain among them equal justice, equal rights and equal consideration as members of one great community, instead of depriving them of their manhood and kicking them out of their own railway carriages. We have to train them on the way to self-government, instead of clapping them into prison if they mention the subject.

And in regard to nationalities that still retain their freedom, we must bring our governments up into line with the leading thought of the day. We must show them that the destruction of a free people like Finland or Persia is not a local or distant disaster only, but affects the whole community of nations and spreads like a poison, blighting the growth of freedom in every land and encouraging all the black forces of tyranny, darkness and suppression. Rapidly growing among us, there is already a certain solidarity of all free States, and the problem of the immediate future is how to make their common action effective on the side of liberty. When I saw Tolstoy during the Russian revolution of 1905 he said to me:

"The present movement in Russia is not a riot; it is not even a revolution; it is the end of an age. The age that is ending is the age of Empires —the collection of smaller States under one large State. There is no true community of heart or thought between Russia, Finland, Poland, the Caucasus and all our other States and races. And what has Hungary, Bohemia, Syria or the Tyrol to do with Austria? No more than Canada, Australia, India or Ireland has to do with England. People are now beginning to see the absurdity of these things, and in the end people are reasonable. That is why the age of Empires is passing away."

It was a bold prophecy, but it contains the root of the whole matter. Only where there is community of heart and thought is national or personal life possible in any worthy sense. Unless that community exists between the various nationalities within an Empire, we may be sure the Empire is moribund. It is dying, as Napoleon said, of indigestion, and that other community of the world which is slowly taking shape among free and reasonable peoples will demand its dissolution. Our hope is that the other community will further go on to demand that these disastrous experiments in the overthrow and subjection of free nationalities shall no longer be tolerated by the combined forces of freedom.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

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THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT

BY ALAIN LOCKE

It is a curious but inevitable irony that the American temperament, so notorious for its overweening confidence and self-esteem, should be of all temperaments least reflective, and for all its self-consciousness, should know itself so ill. When criticised, it is either perplexed or amused; when challenged, apologetically boastful, and seemingly delights in misconception and misrepresentation. A striking instance of this singular trait is the way Americans abroad exaggerate their native mannerisms and become veritable caricatures of themselves in good-natured mimicry of the national type. In its extreme form the tendency might be characterized as living up to a libel to save the trouble and expense of legal proceedings. Whether this be due to a sort of mistaken chivalry or to mere childish irresponsibility is as hard to determine as it is unnecessary;—either is reprehensible. There is in this dependence upon foreign opinion something of a native shrewdness for judging others by their opinion of oneself, but much more is to be attributed to an instinctive aversion from the pangs of introspection and a childish capacity for using other people as mirrors. No other nation, perhaps, has played so sensational a rôle, but no other nation has stood so in need of its audience. The histrionic demeanor of Americans abroad, at times so very like the behavior of actors off the stage, exacting calcium-light duty of the sun, is a real clue to the national temperament. If only by the reactions of others do we achieve any definite notion of what we ourselves are, it is small wonder that we have cultivated the actor's manner and practise his arts, only it is a strange art for an otherwise inartistic nation, a curious dependence for a free people.

That a people by theory and instinct so individualistic should believe at all in a national character and should be

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so obviously content with a composite portrait is, indeed, marvellous. With its history and traditions, America might quite logically have repudiated any such thing as a national temperament and have rid itself of this inveterate superstition of the journalist and the patriotic orator. The demagogue picks his following from the worshippers of this idol of the tribe; and the early republican fathers, who were philosophical Democrats, feared and detested both. It is due to their heroic efforts that the idea has still so little content and so few traditions to take root in, but America of the present day insists on the national type: it has cultivated it most successfully and believes in it most instinctively and whole-heartedly.

Society is quite at the mercy of the class that paints its portrait, and it has been no credit to us that ours has been the hasty evocation of journalists and cartoonists in league with the publicist, rather than the careful creation of novelists and artists in their hereditary conspiracy to make the best representative. With us, as with other industrial civilizations, the national loyalties grow out of individual prosperity and success, and the bond between the individual and the impersonal or corporate interests is very strong and immediate. But the same ideal loyalty to a national character and belief in a national will and destiny, which promote the industrial arts, promote, under favorable circumstances, the reflective and representative arts, and make for that sense of institutions, which, beginning in jingo patriotism, ends in sound traditions. And as containing the promise of all this, the current idea of the American temperament is worthy of some serious analysis and deliberate propaganda.

The democratic and individualistic tone of modern living will no longer allow a class product to be foisted on it as an expression of the national life and ideal as has so often before been the case. America is wise, after all, in preferring to remain artless and unenlightened rather than accept contemporary art as a serious expression of itself. Drawn by detached and almost expatriated æsthetes at the commands of the most disinterested class of art patrons ever in existence, it has no real claims except upon the curiosity of the people. To force an art first to digest its civilization in all its crude lumpiness is, after all, a good and sound procedure, and it is safe to prophesy that in America

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either the result will be representative and unique or that there will emerge no national art at all.

America, indeed, in the construction of the American temperament, is producing her first immaterial or art product. One only wishes there was more conscious art in the process. At all events, there has developed a national character so unique that it is the despair of critics, and yet so simple and available that to acquire it one only need live in America. Even the English and Chinese ambassadors assume it for a while, and what is more significant, the emigrant, Slavic, Teutonic, Irish or of the Romance stocks, acquires it and becomes an American spiritually before he has resided long enough to be naturalized. And in certain instances he becomes so even in retaining strong hereditary national and racial characteristics. His children are "born Americans." Against many foreign critics it must be maintained that this is something more than the assumption of a certain commercial-mindedness and personal self-assertiveness everywhere recognized as American. Certain temperaments quite without these traits, notably the American negro, participate to a remarkable degree in the American temperament. In last analysis, it is a mental atmosphere as unavoidable and free as air, and this, to my thinking, characterizes it as something spiritual, as being free, accessible, contagious. On festival days we are tempted to think of it as something political, and to make it a matter of the Constitution and the Declaration of Rights. Oftener still do we think of it as a sense of social partnership and corporate prosperity of a commercial type or industrial, at least, in its manifestations. But it is really a very limited and simple system of conventional ideas, associated with certain very contagious but superficial mannerisms whose only justification is that as a light but strong social harness it works so well. How shallow and contentless it is as an idea or how indefensible and inadequate as a code, fortunately only philosophical historians realize. At present the pragmatic verdict must prevail; it works quickly, effectively, as a bond between men and, under the circumstances, seems to them less tyrannous than a convention of forms, permitting of the almost unhindered exercise of that personal initiative and freedom which an American calls his individuality.

It is a unique thing,—this American sort of individualism, perhaps even a transitory thing, and one feels that it alone

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is the cause of such theoretical antinomies working in actual practice. An American's idea of himself, though highly personal, is not fixed; it is really Protean and even puerile. How it claims everything and yet refuses to identify itself permanently with anything. Criticise the American for any trait intimately personal or nationally characteristic, and he will evade the thrust by insisting that you have not touched a vital spot, though perhaps mortally wounded. It is like rebuking a child for one of his moods; he changes it, and you cannot hold him to account for the submerged personality, the discarded rôle. The American temperament is histrionic as the healthy child; its naïve individuality is unquestionable, and because it is so plastic it knows no self-contradiction.

But to portray Americans as heroic children will seem unwarranted to those who know the drawn-faced and tense-lipped features of our fellow countrymen: surely these people do not look young or irresponsible. America's superb boyishness does threaten to succumb to the undue responsibilities it has taken upon itself in overconfidence. But that overconfidence is youthful, youthful to a fault.

It must be remembered that America, though an amalgam of peoples, is of the Anglo-Saxon stock in mental characteristics, and that it has taken upon itself what may be the final experiment in the Anglo-Saxon type of civilization. More reflective and calculating peoples are inclined to count the costs and experiment by proxy. Among these people a leisure class arises and paints a national character at its leisure, an ideal portrait that men cherish retrospectively and read into the whole life of the people who supported the leisure class. Individualism and a certain self-willed energy has possessed us, and that with fury in the American temperament, and the modern demand for material progress is the result. If we are to credit this tendency with an ultimate goal, it must aim at securing a final and restful mastery over the means of life. In this experiment America is at present engrossed, and the result is likely to justify or repudiate the whole idea;—at least in the eyes of others who are following more cautiously and with less conviction. One sometimes fears that in event of failure, the American temperament will become the scapegoat of many nations and bear the blame of a second Babel. The true American disposition is, however, careless of the end; it neither wants

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nor anticipates leisure, and cheerfully and without sense of loss waives what the forefathers thought a primary right of man, the pursuit of happiness as an end in itself. It is even a question whether American opinion will tolerate for any considerable time a leisure class devoted to this end, or a leisure class of any sort, so prepared is the American temperament to dispense with the reflective arts and all those posthumous satisfactions, dear to past civilizations, of leaving behind it adequate records and imposing traditions.

Indeed, the real uses of leisure still seem to be below our mental horizon. The second generation succeeds the first and seems intent on discovering whether or not the pursuit of material progress is really endless. This is quite to be expected of a people who have not as yet made any real distinction between work and play, and who have acquired no interests for impersonal pursuits. Most of all do we dislike the person who has aged prematurely through contact with older traditions, the impersonal observer, the onlooker who merely comments; we contrive to eliminate or ignore him as children do grown-ups. One can see why we should, for introspection and reflection are the arch enemies of our dearest illusions. To them our politicians are irresponsible demagogues, our captains of industry merely capricious experimenters, our teachers intellectual sophists, our legislators social extemporizers, our clergymen moral improvisers, and our writers adroit apologists. And so they may, indeed, appear to us later; but now the make-believe is upon us and for us they are not. It is to be hoped that when they come to be matters of history, they will be found to have harmed their contemporaries most, and to have committed fewer crimes against the future than any other active generation of men.

The greatest anomaly of the American temperament is its evasiveness. No one knows what organ it inhabits or can define "the people of the United States" in whose name so much is perpetrated. An astute Frenchman, coming from a country that really possesses a social mind if any country does, accuses America of not having that organic sense called "public opinion." "I hardly discern a national consciousness," he says, "only everywhere a nattional self-consciousness." Our journalism is a sad witness of this fact; public opinion is too plastic to mould; it runs in rivers and tidal eddies. To record its variations and

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predict it for short periods is the barometric function of our whole press.

Yet there is on any great occasion, and there issues from any real crisis, political or social, a well-formulated public opinion, terse, simple, emphatic, often already patched into catch-words and phrases, which run from mouth to mouth and are on everybody's tongue at once. We act almost automatically and, consequently, spasmodically as well. There is at the time such unanimity of opinion that no one, parties with traditional policies, institutions with hereditary traditions, even men with fixed principles—none—will think of denying the popular will. Public opinion in America asserts itself violently, impulsively, and more often than in any other country perhaps, accomplishes its immediate aims and demands, owing to the plastic and tentative nature of our institutions and ideas. But once asserted, it does not maintain itself, or if it must maintain itself, does so grudgingly, with a sense of restraint and handicap. This is the price of our amenability to reform.

Peculiarly characteristic in this respect is the national will in any moral issue. Only at times of the greatest tension is the popular mind in sight of principles: the Civil War and its reactions are incontrovertible witnesses of this. So forgetful, except at rare moments, is the national consciousness that it cannot understand or sanction its own actions when involved in the inevitable reaction. Historical-mindedness and patience while the natural equilibrium is re-establishing itself are two traits, most lacking and most needed, in the American temperament.

America is certainly, of all countries, least politically minded. Its politics are a professional game played by professionals,—in all senses of the word it is to be deplored,—for the amateurish amusement and approval of the public. Exactly to what this is due is a very great puzzle. Perhaps it is an American trust and belief in experts, a trait which in our whole life exacts from us more unquestioning reverence for authority and greater faith in delegated power than we are given credit for. The autocratic possibilities of our nominally democratic institutions are only lately beginning to reveal this essential and deeply lodged strain in the American character. A country that worships power, respects the autocrat, and may even come to tolerate the tyrant. Indeed, the analogies between the republican temper of

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Rome and that of America may well worry those who believe that history repeats itself. Recent attempts against the capitalist have proved that such a type is too representative of the ideals of the common ordinary man to be attacked without a sense of self-contradiction and injury.

Such facts bring us within range of the important discovery that American democracy is not a political theory, but a social instinct. As patriotism, it is sheer rhetoric, bombastic and effusive; as a deep conviction, it is almost religious in its intensity and individual hold upon every citizen. It differs from other continental forms of patriotism in being so associated with the personal and individual well-being of each man, and in having slight reference either to a national past or future. There is little of reflective pride, that grave and historic achievement of the English temperament, and strangely little of a definite notion about the national purpose and destiny. America is too engrossed with the present to have anything but empty and boastful claims upon the future. The sense of power and prosperity, the sense of aggregate power and prosperity, quite opposite to the selfish and individual satisfactions so often charged to the American temperament, is at the very bottom of the national character and is the root of its patriotism.

One can account for the presence of this corporate feeling in closely knit and socially compact groups, or in the country where one racial stock or predominant institution supplies a coercive feeling of kinship and unity. But in America, a land of startling divergencies and instinctive antipathies, it is difficult to explain. Neither as a carelessness or indifference to these contrasts, nor as democratic tolerance, nor even as theoretical or practical humanitarianism, can one account for the American sense of fellowship. It is due to an acute responsiveness, an intellectual sensitiveness, that are born of insatiable curiosity and a surplus of individual energy.

To such a temperament nothing is really trivial, and the points of contact between things are almost infinite. As soon as one examines this trait on an intellectual plane, one sees what curious laws of association govern the American mind. Its superb eclecticism, its voraciousness, its collector's instinct for facts and details, and its joyous disregard for proportion and an artificial order are still in need of adequate exposition. They impose so many handicaps

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from an artistic point of view that as yet no literary genius except Whitman has found it possible to accept them all. The temperament is, however, extensively catered for: the informational press is its creature. To instruct pleasantly and with the minimum of effort is the debased aim of present-day art; a wide-spread and ever-growing disease of taste of which America produced the germ. The informational short-story, the character sketch, the photographic novel, the popular encyclopædia, the unscientific travel study, and the whole pictorialization of literature and art can be traced to American initiation and patronage. A strange survival of Puritanism,—for the American temperament is still profoundly Puritan,—this idea of art and letters as the handmaids of knowledge, serving in bond to the insatiable curiosity of men. A Republican and utilitarian art, however, is generally short-lived, though we may expect a longer vogue for the contemporary information-monger than that enjoyed by his predecessor, the political pamphleteer. There are even now in America signs of reaction against an impersonal art, and a return to the lyric and dramatic motives. At present the reaction is, unfortunately, at the same time a revulsion from the national idea and temperament.

Thus the only justification America has yet had comes direct from the self-satisfaction of the individual American. His satisfaction, however, is both unmistakable and voluble. He is content, though the competition becomes daily more severe and evident. He is beginning to realize now that many are handicapped at the very outset, that the struggle is prolonged by the stronger for the sheer joy of conquest, and even that a good third of the energy expended is consumed in piling up success on the top of victory. Yet a cheerful acceptance of the situation is the price of his individuality, his optimism, and his chance of winning out, and he pays it ungrudgingly. There is a greater measure of content and less of a sense of environmental injustice in America than anywhere else in the world to-day. And the principles of conduct and social relationships, though elemental, are like the rules of a game, there is an immediate appeal to public censure or approval, and little discrepancy between theory and practice. Naturally our theories suffer when compared with idealistic and more divorced codes. Where every man is supposed to consider his own interests, no social blame is imputed, and no one, except for initial

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handicaps, has an excuse. That is not, on the whole, an unenviable state of affairs: the American temperament only approximates it. As an instinctive theory, this is what it believes in.

Yet with us, with every man theoretically for himself, public spiritedness prevails to a marked and unusual degree. For every man drives a frank bargain with the community; there is a competitive and open market for altruistic wares. Consider for a moment that phenomenon of our civilization, the millionaire philanthropist. Is he an enigma, this person who has seemed to change character and tactics under our very eyes? By no means: if Americans worship money, they worship it as power, as cornered energy and not in an intrinsic and miserly way. The time comes when the force he has been collecting threatens to vanish in latent inertia as it were, and the millionaire can only release it again by giving. The process of accumulation, becoming automatic, discharges him; he takes to his new vocation of giving, but as far as the muscular reactions are concerned there is very little difference between shovelling in and shovelling out. The community in giving social rewards of a very specious sort in exchange seems quite to have the better of the bargain. But it should not be deluded into thinking that the millionaire has really changed character, and that it is fostering altruistic pursuits.

Somehow, in the end, the American temperament exacts what it needs most, the attitude of suspended judgment. But self-analysis is not necessarily fatal, and if it is too early to make up our minds as to what we are, or, better, what we intend to be, surely it is time to rid ourselves of the delusion that we already know both. As long as the American temperament remains its own sole excuse for being, one cannot expect it to be humble and unassertive, but one may point to the need for self-analysis and expression. The materials at hand are, it is true, a stupendous handicap, so unsuitable that at times one fears that nothing can be produced so wholly vital and unique and interesting as the national character itself.

ALAIN LOCKE.

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

WITHIN quite recent times the world at large has become willing to concede that there are certain sciences whose principles are fixed, and are not determined by the sentiments or uninstructed opinions of either the many or the few. But that branch of knowledge which is concerned with the evolution of the human race, individually and in its social aspect, is by no means accorded this status. It is popularly looked upon as an equation of the moment's beliefs, or at best nothing more definite than the ideas of a small number of men who have withdrawn themselves for contemplation, and are therefore out of touch with and unfitted to judge their race. The conduct of individuals being almost universally without conscious plan, it is difficult for them to conceive that the aggregation may nevertheless be advancing systematically. The utmost judicial disposition to be expected is an ability to see the immediate effects of an applied theory. And even from this are drawn conclusions quite likely to be vitiated by failure to reckon with other causes.

An excellent demonstration lies in the general attitude toward what is probably the most important and the most abstractly ethical movement occupying the attention of society at the present day. Yet a subject so momentous, so "gigantic a constitutional change" as that of the full enfranchisement of adult civilized humanity, requires to be approached with the deference of a serious attempt at understanding. It is not to be disposed of by such trivial arguments either in its favor or disfavor, as have been commonly resorted to. Neither is it actually affected by quoting opponents and supporters, though they be so exalted, upon one side as Queen Victoria and upon the other as Plato, Ward, Whitman, Lincoln, John Stuart Mill, and provisionally—Herbert Spencer.

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Absurd as this may seem to many, it is even unaffected by how the suffrage of women may thus far have worked out in the localities where it has been tried. Unfortunately, broad and universal issues are less generally comprehensible than such quibbles and scattered facts as have been made use of in both camps. From our friends in this case, as well as from our enemies, we need only too frequently to pray for deliverance. Both have thrown upon those who would argue rationally an undue burden of disproof.

Whether or not the results of woman suffrage have so far seemed good, whether or not women are well informed upon matters pertaining to government, whether or not the majority of women now wish to vote, is actually of little consequence. The merits lie in nothing of this sort, but solely in whether or not the sharing of women in all functions of government appears to be in accord with the direction thus far taken by our advancing race. For, though it may seem to many nonsense beyond paradox, nothing is so practical as theory, which has in life exactly the same value as in mathematics. It has been aptly said that unless a theory is good for the extreme case, it is good for nothing at all. And conversely—if a thing is good in the extreme case, it is correct theoretically. That which should be sought, therefore, is whether or not, as a question of historical and ethical sequence, in the extreme case of a highly developed society, it will be desirable for women to have the franchise. But an approximate idea of what conditions constitute a highly developed society can only be arrived at by deduction, by trying to judge what humanity will reach from what it has moved toward.

As the point of departure, it may be well to consider briefly the comparative physical structure of men and women. In outward form it is perfectly evident that woman is midway between child and man. This, however, may not fix her place lower in the scale of development so much as it better fits her for her part in reproduction—that function whose sufficient exercise gives her her only fundamental and permanent reason for existence; and gives, too, her only adequately based claim to an equal share in the advanced activities of the race.

In the plan of Nature, a very large part of woman's life is designed to be spent in the reproduction of the race. It is the specialty pre-arranged for her and to which her

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structure is adapted. But inferiority is not necessarily proved thereby. The result of recent experiments leads one to conclude that the two sexes are developed not unequally, but to different ends. After compiling and examining elaborate statistics, Professor Thomas sets it down that "man consumes energy more rapidly; woman is more conservative of it. The structural variability of man is mainly toward motion; woman's variational tendency is not toward motion, but toward reproduction. Man is fitted for feats of strength and bursts of energy; woman has more stability and endurance. While woman remains nearer to the infantile type, man approaches more to the senile. The extreme variational tendency of man expresses itself in a larger percentage of genius, insanity, and idiocy; woman remains more nearly normal."

As regards the brain size of woman, it is far from being determined that her brain weighs less in proportion to her whole weight than that of man; but, according to the above authority, "The importance of brain weight in relation to intelligence has usually been exaggerated by anthropologists; for intelligence depends on the rapidity and range of the acts of associative memory, and this in turn on the complexity of the neural processes." Biologically considered, therefore, there does not seem to be unquestionable warrant for restricting woman to a subordinate position.

In respect of psychological characteristics—they are probably in accord with the physiologic ones. But this would open up a whole field of discussion admitting of little else than individual opinion. One can scarcely forbear from remarking that all those qualities which are fostered in woman as lovely and laudable for family life, are adduced as liable to prove vicious in the extreme if given play in government. And the only inference to be drawn is that some ethical value is false either in the family or in the state. But so long as these qualities are desired, and the whole training of the civilized female, from infancy onward, so essentially differs from that of the male, no just comparison of their minds is possible. Nor is it possible to predicate anything final of woman's nature until it shall have been given full play.

Save in the case of a few savage races which deemed it surest to count descent in the female line, woman has always been held in a subordinate position. But rather than

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maintain this to be her destined status for all time, it could conceivably be attributed to the insufficient development of man. As the sense of justice has grown, he has, of his own volition, worked to improve the position of woman both theoretically and actually.

In England the lawyers who were dissatisfied with woman's standing under the common law set themselves to bring about a change. It was done, however, not by Parliament, but by the judges of the Court of Chancery, who, it may be supposed, represented a higher average of trained intellect. Blackstone had written that "the very being and legal existence of woman is suspended during marriage." And further—with the complacency which imposed itself upon Englishmen during the long subsequent period known as that of legislative quiescence—"even the disabilities which the wife lies under are for the most part intended for her protection and benefit. So great a favorite is the female sex of the laws of England."

The Court of Chancery appears not to have shared this comfortable conviction, and by patient and prolonged effort it brought about a better condition—subsequently endorsed by Parliament. As laws form public opinion quite as much as public opinion forms the laws, these conditions are now accepted as a matter of course in English-speaking lands, and the earlier ones are looked back upon as unjust and absurd.

True, the change came slowly; but men of advanced minds must needs work with the inferior material at hand; and reforms involving great changes, especially such as touch the family relations, cannot be quickly brought about. Those who would have the world-old status of woman altered forthwith will do well to remember the words of the historian: "*La Providence a ses aises dans le temps. Elle y marche comme les Dieux d'Homère dans l'espace. Elle fait un pas —et les siècles se trouvent écoulés.*"

But it is of interest and significance to note that every social movement which we now recognize as having been of advance was met in its time by objections practically identical with those brought into service to defeat the enfranchisement of women. History, indeed, broadly considered, deals with nothing else. To go no farther back than the era which ushers in the modern world, we find the protest that the Reformation would result in every evil, "multi-

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plicity of sects, prodigious intellectual license, dissolution of all society, tyranny, and persecution." Those who strove for the freedom of the communes condemned as dangerous the activities of those who maintained the rights of human reason; and the latter countercharged with prophesies of "abominable disorders and society disturbed."

King John doubtless found the conduct of the barons fully as "shocking" as the actions of the militant suffragists are considered in certain quarters—even probably by the male voters who have recently rioted at the British polls. What was foretold of allowing the French populace to share in government need scarcely be recalled. And in the struggle for manhood suffrage in England—so late as the first part of the nineteenth century—it was contended that the lower classes would swamp the intelligent classes, discouraging them from voting at all; and that the workingman would be controlled by a small number of agitators.

The alteration of a married woman's property status before referred to was opposed upon the score—wearisomely familiar to the ear of those who take interest in the subject of female suffrage—that dissensions and trouble would be caused in the home.

As for the recent movement of those sincere and convinced women who have felt it their duty to oppose the franchise for their sex, it might seem to have disposed of the whole matter in a fashion not devoid of a humorous element. But there are certain cross-currents in the stream of public opinion which are perfectly recognized by all who treat of legislation or jurisprudence, and it must be remembered that in the long run the affirmative class monopolizes the homage of mankind. Says Thomas Carlyle: "It is with all these things as with the ebbing of the sea; you look at the waves oscillating hither and thither on the beach; for minutes you cannot tell how it is going. Look in half an hour where it is." Measured by the standard of history, it is the briefest possible time since woman was where the already quoted optimism of Blackstone described her. To-day she has the partial franchise in a great many localities, the full franchise in five of the United States; in Australia she has recently raised doubts in the minds of those who hold that her political influence will be conservative, and in Finland she sits in the seats of power.

So much for the past and present aspects of the question.

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But to examine it in respect of its conformance to basic principles. It should, perhaps, be said at once that "taxation without representation" is not one of these. Neither are two which have recently been advanced as such: "that no electorate has ever existed or ever can exist which cannot execute its own laws," and "no voter has ever claimed or ever can claim maintenance from another voter." These are merely deductions from certain conditions of government in the process of evolution. They rank rather below such principles formerly considered basic, as slavery, the refusal of citizenship to mechanics, the supremacy of the Holy See above all temporal rulers, and the divine right of kings. Indeed, the assertion that no voter ever has claimed or ever can claim maintenance of another voter is disposed of by the very writer who advances it within a page or two of its presentation, as she informs us that "women in suffrage States are liable for the support of their husbands in certain contingencies" and "six women in Utah were divorced by their husbands for non-support." There is, moreover, no recognized legal obstacle to a contract, such as that of marriage, which would make it possible for a voter to claim maintenance during the period of performing certain acts and fulfilling certain conditions.

That no electorate has ever existed or ever can exist which cannot execute its own laws is in point of fact wholly beside the question—founded, as it is, upon the false premise that women would form *an* electorate—separate and independent.

The actual basic principles of social evolution are as follows:

That the human race advances from uniformity to heterogeneity, from the performance of a few functions to performance of many.

That the family group ceases to be the political unit and is superseded by the individual.

That it is desirable for each to gain the fullest life compatible with the fullest lives of fellow-citizens.

That society is benefited by all its members receiving to the full the good and evil results of their conduct.

Not only does the principle of women suffrage appear to be in accord with these self-evident propositions, but the refusal of it is in antagonism to them.

To oblige woman to limit the number of her activities is

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to check development toward manifold functions and well-balanced natures.

The family group ceasing to be the political unit, and the individual replacing it, a system cannot be sound where only the adult male has the right of full share in government, and individuals numbering half the race are excluded.

If it is desirable for each to gain the fullest life compatible with the fullest lives of fellow-citizens, then it is undesirable to refuse to women as complete a life as civilization makes possible, provided their having it does not deprive others.

If society is benefited by all its members receiving to the full the good and evil results of their conduct, then it is harmed by a system which takes from any one the exact compensation for good or evil actions, and constrains him to accept both benefits and ills that are caused by others.

As for social evolution considered in the experiments of government, unquestionably we may say that the trend seems to be toward Democracy, Representation, Justice, Freedom, and Peace. And it must necessarily be asked whether in the highly developed society which may have attained these conditions in fair measure it would be suitable and appropriate for woman to have the franchise.

Democracy is the rule of the whole people and this could only logically be the whole adult population.

Representation is government by those who are delegated to express the common will, and a State is not adequately represented by only half its members, more especially when these are of a single sex. Though the ballot is not a fundamental right, freedom of expression is such, and it is denied where a very powerful means of expression is withheld.

Justice is the refusal of special privilege, and its requirements can only be met by granting to all adults exactly equal rights with no exemptions not imposed by the physical structure.

Freedom is defined by the least theoretical of philosophic schools as "in its socially restricted form, the absence of any other external checks than those arising from the presence of other men who have like claims to do what their will prompts." Therefore, unless woman is a perpetual incompetent, without claim to do what her will prompts, her enfranchisement is necessary to social freedom.

What is meant by peace in the governmental sense is

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a condition of society where disputes and differences are settled by appeal to law or reason. That the civilized world is moving toward a condition of general peace is apparent, despite the alarms of several European countries. It is universally felt that "thoroughly just conditions cannot obtain in a militant state," and, as has been said by an Englishman variously distinguished, the task of the statesmen of the future will be to substitute the concert of nations for their conflict. Historically, the period of general militancy is past. Formerly all men were warriors; to-day even in the Old World it is the relatively few. And in the United States the standing army exists almost on sufferance with the populace, whilst those familiar with its conditions from within cannot but recognize it to be almost wholly out of touch with the advanced thought of the age.

In a society which has attained to a condition of practical peace, there would be removed the objection to the enfranchisement of women which is always adduced in the last issue—that she is unable to fight in the defense of her country and its institutions.

It must be allowed, of course, that, though the world may be moving toward a state of peace, the goal is by no means reached. And until such time there might hold good the objection to giving non-combatants the ballot. But, setting aside the question why a non-combatant may not help to govern quite as well as she may occupy the throne, it should be considered whether by far too much has not been made of this argument, and whether in justice and reason, the bearing of children may not be accounted as much a service to the State as the bearing of arms. So far as physical and moral qualities are concerned, it perhaps calls for at least an equal endurance, courage, and fortitude.

The very considerable majority of women bear children. In any contingency at all likely to arise the decided minority of men bear arms. Nor is it fairly to be urged that during the period of reproduction women should be, and usually are, supported and removed from the field of industrial competition. Men are paid and maintained when they serve as soldiers, and having so served during a specified time, they are supported by the State either wholly or in part.

Should this appear to place the bearing of children where "The Republic" places it, among duties to the State, a sufficiently educated race will doubtless so consider it; and

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woman will feel that to achieve a genuine equality with man she must specialize upon this unique function as the other sex does upon superior strength, for woman is primarily a producer of her kind and any system must fail wherein this is disregarded or ignored.

As regards the ability to resort to force in the final issue, which alone makes the ballot efficacious, an electorate must certainly be able to enforce its own laws. But in a day of fairly advanced social development, society delegates its force. This could quite as well be done by an electorate of both sexes, as now by one composed entirely of males. At present a trained and physically powerful portion of voters, and a very small portion, sees to it that the ballot can be safely cast and that the laws are enforced. Those voters who, by reason of disinclination or of inferior bodily equipment could not stand against rioters at the polls, depend upon the protection and assistance of policemen or militia. Very recently the national guard was demanded to enable the non-combatant citizens of one of our new States to cast their ballots. And latterly in England as many as two hundred policemen were in requisition at one spot. There is also to be borne in mind that the postal ballot system has an increasing number of advocates who believe that economy would not be the only one of its advantages.

It were futile to deny that granting the franchise to women will be attended with complications and difficulties. But no great reform in the individual or in society was ever accomplished without these, and a people whose moral condition is healthy will not shrink.

Nations whose laws are inelastic and unchanging, nations which come to feel that man was made for the law, die in the cords with which they have wrapped themselves. What though the common law takes no cognizance of woman as a political entity? The common law is itself but the compiled recognition of what were once new conditions and imminent tendencies. Yet the anticipated troubles will probably not be so serious if we accept transitions as normal and do not attempt to check natural and sequent processes.

Perhaps the most tenable of all objections to granting the ballot to women, and one which leaves it something of an open question whether delay would not be wise, is based upon the mental qualifications of the sex. Undoubtedly

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women are in considerable ignorance regarding the forms and purposes of governments. Yet it is asking a good deal of any one that he should interest himself minutely in a matter with which he is allowed no direct and efficacious concern. And to bring up examples of women's absurd and impractical notions of political affairs is no more reasonable than to quote against men the preposterous legislation daily suggested or carried through. It were as just to make light of the average intelligence of our nation's fathers because, for example, Henry Clay held three years to be ample time for protection to place the manufactures of the country upon their feet. Nowhere, for that matter, is government so successful that it would be safe to confine the charge of ignorance or untenable doctrines to the female sex. Men were not fitted for the ballot when they obtained it, but if they have grown in political grace woman can do the same. All correct theories for the guidance of the race should be based upon what is the best to be expected, not the worst. It has been set down as a rule, that under any form of government the moral sense of the governing body is likely to fall far below the highest moral standard recognized by the community. But the white woman is with the white man, co-heir of all the ages; and as the phrase went among the theretofore privileged classes of England when suffrage was to be granted the unenfranchised—"we must educate our masters." Precisely in this lies the one correct solution of all the difficulties feared. Woman must be sufficiently educated—more than she is to-day—educated far beyond the present danger-point of a little knowledge, unrelated, theoretical and fragmentary, unfitting rather than fitting her for the duties of life.

In all likelihood it will be impossible to keep women a great deal longer from a share in the governments under which they live. It will be useless to offer "something else just as good"—that she shall undertake, for example, to check those arch terrors of the conservative, socialism and divorce. It will be equally futile to threaten that she will lose her property privileges in localities where they are accorded her. It is with women as with men—they "are not led by promises of ease and comfort, by sugar plums of any kind." Those who seek what they believe to be a right will never cease from fear of a pecuniary loss. What should we say, what do we say, of men who vote or withhold their

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vote from financial motives? Women will be ready to stand upon a property equality with men when they stand upon political equality. It is safe to say that women will be ready to give their purses to a principle for which men have given their lives. This, in fact, is the actual test of their fitness for the franchise, this and that they shall understand the thing they seek to be no mere gratification, but an added and onerous responsibility.

That which seems too little considered is what men themselves will gain by having woman on an equal footing by making of her a peer who must be judged as such. It will go far toward putting an end to that sense of privilege and exemption upon which woman falls back more and more as advancing society lessens the need of work and effort, making her a parasite, a creature out of touch with the realities of toil and fundamental things.

It is not expedient, not even good worldly policy, to be satisfied with less than the utmost perfection we can conceive, but only those who are given every opportunity can justly be blamed for failing of the best attainment. Yet throughout the ages this blame has been accorded woman, for, despite valiant efforts to idealize her, she has never been to civilized man what he actually wished. She has left him always vaguely unsatisfied, apologizing for her by the phrases of the poets and by the makeshift of a dual standard. The companion of his life and the mother of his race was one to whom he might condescend. But if he would do at least his best to remedy this unfortunate condition of affairs, he must needs face the realization that responsibility begets the power to meet and be worthy of it; and that the highest, the most desirable results are never to be obtained from a restricted and inferior class.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

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THE LEAVES OF THE TREE*

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

VII—CHARLES KINGSLEY

In the little, paneled hall of my College here at Cambridge, with its beautiful gallery and double staircase, a pair of portraits, very strangely contrasted, gaze at each other across the long tables. One is Lely's famous portrait of Pepys, smiling, foppish, complacent, every curve of the good-natured, sensuous, bourgeois face full of rich satisfaction and dancing zest. He has had his troubles, no doubt, and his anxieties, that genial soul, but he has enjoyed them in their way, partly to heighten his content, and partly as being of the very essence and stuff of full-flavored, exciting, delicious life. Opposite to him hangs a very different portrait. He has lived, too, one can see, this strong, sturdy, sanguine man, with his flashing eye, great aquiline features, and compressed lips; but he has been looking for something behind and above existence, the untraveled world behind the arch of time, with its horizons that fade and grow so strangely. He has enjoyed life, and enjoyed it fiercely; but something has held him back from joy and fixed his gaze firmly on pain; and, whatever else he has tested and renounced, he has never yet sounded the depths of hope and love. The portrait of Charles Kingsley!

Could there be two men so strangely alike in one respect, and yet so wholly and utterly different—alike in an indomitable zest and appetite for the joys of living, in an insatiable curiosity, in an overpowering thirst for experience; and yet so different in view, in aim, in aspiration. Pepys so satisfied with the light upon the surface of life, so entirely satisfied with movement and pleasure, with money and esteem, with sound and scent and sight—yet with all his intense humanity, so unheroic, so unconsecrated a life! And Kingsley

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forever straining his eyes for the light that shines through life, so anxious to help and heal and bind up, so full of splendid rage against everything mean and brutal and stupid, so compassionate and generous—lover and poet, pilgrim and warrior, all in one!

Nothing is further from my thought than to moralize and shake my head over Pepys: the rascal is irresistible; his candor, his exuberance, his delightfulness, save him from anything like disapproval. The sourest brow must relax into a smile over all his frank rogueries. But for all that he represents the stationary elements of life at its fullest. The tribe of Pepys exploit the world, but do not advance things a jot. They roll and splash about in it, as a jolly boy splashes about in a river under a summer sun. But it is through Kingsley and his tribe that the world takes shape and learns to be just and eager and forgiving. The two men are in wholly different regions. While Pepys revels in the sunlit valley, Kingsley is out prospecting on dark mountains, and catching the gleam of some further sunrise gilding the towers and battlements of the city of God.

Charles Kingsley came of a long line of country gentlemen and soldiers and belonged to the pleasant county of Devonshire, where he was born in 1819, and which he loved all his life with a romantic love. His father was a clergyman, not wholly by choice, though in a sturdy British fashion he did his work remarkably well; and there was a strong strain of artistic genius in the family, because two of Kingsley's brothers were well-known authors—indeed, it is a tenable theory that Henry Kingsley was an even better novelist than Charles.

He was a precocious and imaginative child, fond of books, but even more passionately devoted to the open air and natural history. His father became Rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea, in 1836, and Kingsley was sent to King's College, London. He hated the town life, and was dreadfully bored by the parochial atmosphere of his home. He entered Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1838, where but few traditions of him survive. He lived a life of tremendous energy, not wholly on conventional lines. He was popular for his animal spirits, his courtesy and his humor; he worked, rode, drove, fished, played cards with immense zest. His cure for stupidity and headaches was to tramp across country in a roaring fen-wind, and it is recorded that he scaled the wall

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of the back court at two o'clock on a summer morning, to begin fishing at the neighboring village of Shelford at three. He took a First Class in the Classical Tripos, but he was not looked upon with much favor by the authorities, and was not elected to a Fellowship, as he had hoped.

He never concealed the fact that his life had been distinctly a fast one at Cambridge. And he certainly went through a profound religious crisis, a battle between his instincts for goodness and purity and strong animal passions. He thought of it afterward with manly regret and shame. But it is no less certain that his stormy experiences gave him a unique power of sympathy with the troubles of young men, and an extraordinary delicacy and frankness in dealing with them.

He was saved from this downward career by meeting his future wife, Miss Grenfell, a woman of real genius, intensely ardent, devoted and loving, with a vigorous mind and a religious spirit. The engagement met with opposition, and Kingsley in despair and bitterness flung himself again into all that might distract and excite him. But Miss Grenfell held to him, and he fought his way to the light. He describes somewhere the intense emotion with which in later life he visited a place in Canada to which in his unhappy days he had thought of emigrating. He burst into tears, he said, at the thought of how patient God had been with him, giving him an honorable life at home, full of love and noble opportunities, instead of the life he had then so wilfully designed.

He was ordained in 1842 to the curacy of Eversley, in a wild, healthy country in the outskirts of the old Windsor Forest, with a somewhat lawless population of squatters and poachers. He lived a quiet life, working and writing. His friends were some of the officers at Sandhurst, with whom he used to fish and ride to hounds on a wonderful succession of old screws.

Then good fortune came to him. He married in 1844, and, the living of Eversley falling vacant, it was bestowed on him. He settled down as a simple parish priest; and though he can hardly be reckoned a typical clergyman—at all events by modern standards—it is as a parish priest that he will be forever known. I have often wondered why that particular type of priest, far from multiplying in England, has rather tended to diminish. His example seems so buoyant and so infectious that one would have thought that he might have

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founded a school of ardent, manly, and wholesome disciples, with that touch of secularity that England loves. Yet the modern type of clergyman is very different, though it is laborious, devoted and enthusiastic in its way. But it is increasingly ecclesiastical, while the laity are increasingly unecclesiastical. This is no doubt inevitable, in these days of professional specialization; and Kingsley was rather a glorification of an old type than the founder of a new. The old parish priest was often strangely ignorant of and indifferent to ecclesiastical traditions; but he was a neighborly, sensible and right-minded man, a country gentleman on a small scale, rather than a member of a clerical caste. He was perfectly independent, and lived among his poor like one of themselves.

But Kingsley was a great deal more than that, and he knew, as a friend, every man, woman and child in the parish. He doctored them, advised them, nursed them, taught them and loved them. There was not a soul in the parish who was in trouble or difficulty who did not know that, if he went to the Rector, he would have all the sympathy, interest and practical help of a perfectly honest, courageous and tender-hearted gentleman. There was simply nothing, however disagreeable, that he would not do for them, no sin so base or disgusting but he would try with all his might to clear them of. He met them with no condescension, no airs of superior wisdom, no claim to respect except what he could win as a man, and he treated them as his equals, except in the cases where he treated them as his superiors. He could talk to the men about their work, about the weather, about horses, about crops, about sport; he could talk to the women about their ailments, their cares, their husbands, their children. He could play with the boys and girls, laugh with and at them, tell them stories, show them a hundred pretty things. The only things he could not stand were cruelty or unkindness, or meanness or pretentiousness. In the presence of such qualities he exploded in vigorous words of indignation and grief. He made his flock the first object of his life, and never allowed anything whatever to interfere with his care for them. He abominated dirt and waste and slovenliness and drink as much as he hated laziness and impurity and selfishness; but once let a man turn his back on his sin, and he lavished on him all the tenderness of a brave and manly heart.

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But he had many other activities, for his spirit did not burn like a solitary flame, but blazed like a fiery furnace. He went about preaching and lecturing; he flung himself into the great Chartist movement; he was one of the founders of the Working Men's College; he was the friend of all who took up the cause of humanity, of Carlyle, of Cooper, of Maurice, of Tom Hughes. As his fame grew, he was consulted by men and women of every age and rank about their difficulties, and he answered them eagerly and wisely. He took pupils to add to his scanty income, and he wrote many fine books, of which some—perhaps those in which he poured out his heart most—are now unduly eclipsed; though the fame of the *Heroes, Westward Ho, Hypatia* and the *Water-babies* still preserves its vitality and force. To myself the strange, formless, digressive, inconclusive, noble book *Yeast* is the most characteristic of all, because he here really bared his heart. But, in spite of its vigor and its fine pictorial power, it has somehow become Early Victorian; it has faults of taste; it ranges over problems which have now passed into the background, and offers as its solution a curiously nebulous sort of mysticism. It was written, after all, in the days of the Charter, when Labor Members were still a dim and unrealizable dream. Half the aspirations of the book have become the plainest matters of fact, such as fair wages, decent housing, education. No one doubts the justice of such claims; the whole combat has entered on a different stage, but the victory is or seems as far off as ever. No longer can we hope, as Kingsley seemed to hope, that the problems of the world can be solved if we only have a network of sewage farms extending over the length and breadth of the country.

There drifts into the tale, after the passion and heat are over, a mysterious, gruff, wealthy personage, who, it must candidly be confessed, is something of a bore, and rather a pretentious bore, with a marvelous power of linking together bad arguments, and a battery of voluble phrases such as Carlyle himself might have envied. He tells the hero that he is going to take him away to have his education finished in some place where the social problem has been solved, and where men live by just and unselfish laws. The mind loses itself in vague speculation as to where the prophet means to go, though he seems to have no doubt himself. The last conversation takes place in the nave of St. Paul's, and con-

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sists of a rhetorical harangue from the prophet, interrupted by plain questions from the hero, to which I am bound to say he gets very unsatisfactory answers. But it is beautiful for all that; though it is a poet trying to talk like a logician and arguing as ill as poets alone can argue, yet the pages are full of glowing, hopeful, suggestive thoughts, meat on which a man may stay his soul in the wilderness, and in the strength of which he may fare forward. It has all the beauty of youth and generosity and courage: the beauty of a soul which through perplexity and dimness still hopes vigorously and vehemently in justice and truth and love. It moves me yet to read it, and it was like a heavenly manna in the old days; and though I make fun of the book, I confess I cannot bear to hear it abused.

Then in the *Heroes* he retold some of the ancient mythological tales of Greece, in a sort of impassioned prose which is more than half verse. He takes the ancient forms, charges them with a subtle modern beauty all haunted with old echoes, and the book more perhaps than any other initiates a child into the spirit of Greek romance, the pure poetry of the olden world.

In his *Prose Idylls,* a book not so well known as it deserves to be, he did some of the best nature-drawing he ever attempted. His passion for streams and woods, the deep, ancient instinct of which we are half-ashamed, and which we do not or cannot resist, even though we cannot justify it on moral grounds—the instinct known by the ugly name of sport — here are depicted with exquisite poetry and in cadences and phrases of haunted beauty.

And then there is the enchanting *Waterbabies,* written as a gift to his youngest child. The first chapters are adorable in their sympathy with childhood and nature alike; and it does not detract from their charm that they are evidently the work of one who is somewhat weary of the journey, who would like to slip out of the heat and dust and lie down like a tired child in the cool and crystal waterway that creeps, a thread of silver, over the moor, with all its ribbons of trailing weed, its still pools and sunny waterbreaks. I know no book which so interprets the spirit and the essential mystery of moving water, alike the streamlet and the full-flushed, travel-stained river and the pure, vast, cavernous sea, with its sapphire spaces and the fallen light of its depths. But at the end of the book he gave the rein to his whimsical sense

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of humor, and ran into long, absurd catalogues, in the Rabelaisian manner, of diseases and symptoms. It is a sorry disappointment at the end of the book where the child who, like Shakspere's drowned king, had suffered "a sea change into something rich and strange," who had escaped from the foul chimneys into the clear rivulet, who had played with waterbabies in the silver sand, in the weed-hung caverns of Brandan's Isle, who had darted down the river in flood among the gleaming salmon, should go back to the world and become an engineer. Not that one does not honor and esteem the work of the engineer among mortals; but of this child of the stream and the sea one finds one's self saying ruefully in the words of Vergil, "Mon hæc pollicitus" ("Not this the promise of his prime").

But the book was written out of the clearest and most joyful part of Kingsley's mind, overshadowed by no gloom —tender, absurd, charming and irresistible. Some may say that for a hard world like this, where we have to push for a place and a livelihood, it is too peaceful, too romantic a book for a child to feed upon. But I think that nowadays we are sometimes too practical, and forget to feed the soul. A child does better to come smiling out of the golden gates of imagination into the severe daylight of the world; and he will go through life with more fire and hope in his heart, with a deeper belief in the uses of beauty, than if solely initiated into the principles of the lever and the parabola, instructed about imports of jute and exports of hardware, and all the other things which practical men must no doubt know.

If one looks at a list of Kingsley's published works, one notices that his later books are almost all volumes of sermons or collections of earlier addresses and articles. The fact was that the old creative dramatic power had burned itself out. His poetical power left him first. He said of himself, in humble criticism, that he had not the necessary equipment for a poet, because he had not the power of seeing one thing in terms of another. By which he meant that the essentially poetical gift of metaphor and analogy was not native to him. The great poet sees a flower or a star, and expresses what he sees with delicate insight and perception. One reads the poem with delight, and the flower spreads its petals before us, the star hangs a point of glowing light in the low-hung gloom. All of a sudden one realizes that the flower or the star, which seemed so prominent, so distinct,

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has become the least important thing in the poem; it is the soul that he is speaking of, after all—the soul's joy, when it opens its bright heart upon the day, or the mysterious hope that beckons to it from the other side of the darkness. It is no longer what we see that concerns us, but something vast that is hidden from us, but which is or may be a part of us.

That power Kingsley did not possess. He saw with a marvelous clearness; but he had a great share of the scientific spirit, and his mind dwelt with such intentness on the precise form, the outline, the effect, the detailed life of spore and cell, that he was content to remain there. In his beautiful poem of "Sappho," which he puts into the hands of his heroine in *Yeast,* we have a fine instance of this. Let me read a few lines:

> "She lay among the myrtles on the cliff,
> Above her glared the noon; beneath the sea;
> Upon the white horizon Athos' peak
> Weltered in burning haze; all airs were dead,
> The cicale slept among the tamarisk's hair,
> The birds sat dumb and drooping. Far below
> The lazy seaweed glistened in the sun;
> The lazy sea-fowl dried their steaming wings,
> The lazy swell crept whispering up the reef
> And sank again."

What a picture of high summer and burning heat! But he can say no more, and when the maiden herself speaks it is only to say that she has lost belief in her own utterance.

It is the same with "Andromeda," which I always think contains some of the finest English hexameters in the language; and with the beautiful elegiacs,

> "Wearily stretches the sand to the surge and the surge to the cloudland,
> Wearily onwards I ride, watching the water alone,"

the poet sees the scene with such distinctness that one sees it too. One stands with the dispirited man on the wide sands, watching the slow waves creep and curdle. But the flash is wanting which shows the further deeps, the remoter horizon.

In his novels Kingsley could put out his strength more fully. Into these he poured his humor, his melancholy, his affection, and his joy. He had a shrewd perception of character, he had an immense historical sympathy; he knew by instinct that nothing in the world which human beings have ever cared about, and thought about and loved can ever wholly lose its charm. He did not perhaps dive very deep,

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but he saw very wide. He understood men and women because he loved them, because he loved life, because he wanted to make life noble and beautiful. He had a great dramatic power. The one thing that prevented his being in the very first rank of novelists was that he was essentially a partisan. The novelist ought to have no preferences or prejudices. He ought to make his world, like a little god, and sit above it serenely. He must not storm and scold; he must not write down some of his characters and write up others. He must let each speak and act for himself, and he must see the point of view even of his villains and rogues, and appreciate the excuses that they make for themselves. But Kingsley could not do this. He hated a certain type of character with all his heart. It would be grossly unfair to call it the priestly character, because he was himself a priest to the inmost fiber of his being; but he hated the false priest, the man who uses his sacred character and his holy secrets for his own ends, to gain and maintain his influences, to wield power. This character comes, over and over again, into his books, and is spoken of in *Yeast* in terms of obloquy so gross that one cannot even venture to repeat them. Kingsley had a deep pity for frank weakness. The poor poet Vavasour, in *Two Years Ago,* is very tenderly handled. But he detested a mixture of timidity and cunning. There is no harm in presenting such a type in a detestable light; but you must not strike and spurn your characters and spit in their faces, and this Kingsley did with immense energy.

Gradually, as I have said, the creative glow died away. The animal spirits failed. Life began to appear both too brief and too serious to be sported with; and he passed gradually from the interpreter to the prophet. One can find it in one's heart to wish it had been otherwise. Perhaps if he could have imposed upon himself what Lord Acton used to say was the first condition of permanent work—resolute limitation—he might have done greater work in the field of fiction. But it was just what Kingsley could not do; he was a man of impulse. He found that great, earnest, thirsting crowds would come to hear him speak, and he threw aside all other thoughts and spoke. "Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel," he once said, with flaming eyes, to one who pleaded for more books.

After all, the sowers of seed must sow it after their own method. We hanker, as the circle of those who knew a great

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man grows smaller, for some permanent memorial of his spirit. We are apt to forget that a man can enrich the blood of the world as well by the spoken as the written word; and the effect of Kingsley's sermons is none the less there because we cannot see it. As literature, they can hardly be permanent. I do not know if they are still read. They seem to me to be rhetorical, and the glow has somehow died out of them. They need the deeply lined face, the noble gesture, the burning eye, the thrilling voice, to send them home to the heart.

Kingsley was a very familiar figure to me as a child. My father was headmaster of Wellington College from 1859 to 1873, and Eversley was only three or four miles away. Kingsley and my father were great friends, yet I do not recollect ever seeing Kingsley at Wellington, though he must have been there many times; but he was a man who filled the day to the brim with work, and I do not think he ever had much leisure for what one may call social duties or social pleasures, according to the view that one takes of such festivities. But I do remember him very well indeed at Eversley; and I will try to sketch him as he seemed to the eyes of a child, nearly forty years ago. One has no continuous memory of childish days, I think; certain bright pictures and radiant glimpses stand out in the mind—and among the most radiant pictures that I have in my mental gallery are a few of Eversley. We used to walk over to luncheon and spend the afternoon there. The road from Wellington went up a long incline among woods, and came out on a high, heathery plateau, with a great view to the south over Hampshire. Then the road dipped down into the green plain. Soon one came to a little village green, with a farm-house among its barns and outbuildings; a solid, ugly, brick church tower was visible on the right. Then one passed a little lawn, with a sunk fence and a rustic paling, and went in at an iron gate among shrubberies to an old, rambling, irregular brick house with big bow-windows, standing so low that it was sometimes flooded in stormy weather. It was a very pretty, peaceful place on a summer afternoon, with the shadows of the great trees on the turf, and the churchyard close by, where Kingsley now sleeps well. I can see him coming out to meet us, a strong, spare, active figure, with very marked features, a big nose, a great, mobile, compressed mouth, eyes deeply set, but with a flashing light in them that told you he was no

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ordinary man. His face was worn and deeply marked, showing that he had not found life an easy business. He used not to dress like a clergyman. I remember him in a rough, dark-gray suit, with knickerbockers and a black tie. And then his voice was unforgetable; he had a tremendous stammer, and whatever he said was said with a prodigious energy. I remember his coming out, crying out a hearty greeting, taking both my mother's hands in his own, with a kind word for each of us children, saying that he had this and that new thing to show us. I remember going into his little, dark study, crowded with books and papers, smelling strongly of smoke; how he took up an old hunting-knife that had been dug up in the New Forest and sent to him, and told us a story about it; how he filled our pockets with little treasures—scarlet seeds that he had brought from the West Indies, brown, polished nuts, an odd Indian ornament of red and yellow feathers tied on a string, which I have to this day. I remember a walk alone with him in a wood hard by, where we heard the report of a gun, and afterward found in a ride a dead jay, just shot by a keeper, and how he picked it up and smoothed its feathers, and looked at it for a moment with a look of pity, saying, "Poor beastie!"—a compassion which I, as a child, thought very much thrown away on a piece of incredible treasure-trove—a real dead bird, with nice claws and legs, with pink and blue feathers and a pretty spotted crest, and with the additional advantage, which all dead birds did not possess, of being warm and smelling sweet. He was going to throw it back into the wood, I think, and I was forming a desperate resolve to slip back and secure it, when he gave it to me, saying, "There, put that into your pocket—perhaps your father will have it stuffed for you." And a few weeks after stuffed it was, sitting, with a bright, hard, glass eye, on a branch, in a perfect bower of dried grasses, and herbs looking like fried parsley, with a blue sky behind. I have it still, and its merry eye is still undimmed, its parsley brake as green as ever.

I remember, too, one hot summer afternoon, how he and my father, with my mother and Mrs. Kingsley, sate out on the lawn and talked; and we heard shouts of laughter from the group. I did not know then, but I know now, that some one had asked what was the pleasantest way of spending a day, and how Kingsley had looked up and said, with his great stammer, "Why, to lie on your b-belly like a lizard in

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the sun, and to think about nothing." We children wandered restlessly about the lawn, and I broke off a great flake of bark from a decaying tree; out of the cavity tumbled a huge white grub, the color of sickly tallow, with horrible blue spots, and fell writhing on the grass. Mr. Kingsley had to be dragged from the group to tell us what it was. He was all alert with interest; he picked it up. "Show me exactly where it fell from. I don't know what the ugly fellow is—never saw anything like it; and now we will pop him back into his nice hole, and I will remember the place, and see if I can find out what he turns into. Don't forget to ask me some day." I did ask him every time I saw him, till it became a joke between us. But he could never discover. "Oh, he slipped off some night when he was grown into a jolly old beetle, and probably has by this time a big family of his own." But one recollection, above all, remains with me. I walked over one summer morning with my mother to go to Eversley Church. We got there just in time, and slipped into the Rectory pew, Mrs. Kingsley smiling a welcome from her big black eyes. I remember the vestry door under the tower creaking, and how he came marching up the church looking about him, in a big, loose surplice and hood, followed by the curate. He always looked to see if the men of his parish were at church, and if they were not they heard of it afterward. "Now look here, Jim, the missus doesn't want you lying in bed, or lounging about and smoking. She wants to get the children nice and to cook the dinner. So I expect you to come to church in the morning—and then in the evening you can stop at home and look after the house, and she can go to church with the children." And they came, partly because the advice was sensible, and partly perhaps to please the Rector!

The chancel at Eversley was screened from the church, I remember, by a quaint Georgian screen, gilt and painted. Mr. Kingsley went in, and remained hidden somewhere—I could not see him; the curate read the service, and then, before the Communion, joined Mr. Kingsley inside the screen. There was a pause, and then—it gives me a thrill now to think of it—there came a full, deep, resonant voice, without a trace of stammer, so that I could hardly believe it to be Mr. Kingsley, reading with an infinite solemnity, with pauses between the words, "Our Father, which art in heaven," not only as if he meant it, but as if it was every-

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thing to him, and he was laying his whole soul before God. A silence fell on the hot and crowded church. He came out of the screen for the sermon and preached on "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness"; and I can see him now, with his grave, fatherly, uplifted look and flashing eye, and the scorn with which he spoke of the pursuit of riches.

But I must be forgiven if I say of what I was thinking, like a child, most of the time. Not many months before there had arrived in the church, while the morning service was going on, a pale, breathless and perspiring groom, who announced that the great house of Bramshill hard by was on fire; whereupon all the congregation had streamed out; Kingsley with them. In the churchyard he had sternly sent all the women and the curate back into the church. "Go back and finish the service; we don't want you up there fussing about; all the men are to come with me"; and thereupon he had run across the churchyard, and just as he was, surplice and hood and all, he had jumped over the hedge into the Rectory garden, torn his things off, seized a little axe, and run up to Bramshill faster than any of his parishioners, where they managed to get the fire out.

All the time that he was preaching—may God forgive me—I was hoping that Bramshill might catch fire again—such blessed incidents did sometimes happen—that I might see Mr. Kingsley jump the hedge in his surplice, and that I might be allowed to go up to the fire, while my mother could certainly be sent back. However, we had no exciting interruption; but the strange thing is that, though it must be six-and-thirty years ago, I can yet remember the whole scene with absolute vividness, which proves, I think, its impressive quality. Only twice have I visited Eversley since those days, to stand beside his grave in a corner of the churchyard, under the great cedar of the Rectory, where he always, and often how ardently, desired to lie. There is a little, bare path worn across the turf by the feet of pilgrims who have visited the place, and I think his great, loving heart must be glad that men and women should do this for the love of him, his wisdom and his tender care.

And I may, perhaps, here add two or three of the stories that my father used to tell about him.

Kingsley was, of course, one of the broadest and most liberal of Churchmen—so much so that in his love for sci-

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ence, in days when science and religion were held to be in a deadly antagonism, he said and printed many things which made old-fashioned people say that he was hardly a Christian at all—one of the foulest slanders ever uttered about a true man of God and a loving servant of Jesus Christ. A lady, the mother of a boy at Wellington, was afraid, being a very rigid Protestant, that the services in Wellington Chapel, in their beautiful precision, were dangerously High Church. She sent a friend down to spy out the land, and afterward upon his information wrote to Lord Derby, then President of the Governors, to say that Dr. Benson was a dangerous Ritualist, and that a friend of hers had attended service there, and had heard a sermon of the most distressing kind, the doctrine of which was very nearly Roman Catholic. Lord Derby wrote to my father, inclosing the letter and asking how he should reply.

My father wrote back to say that the service at Wellington was careful and reverent, but of no particular school, and that the preacher upon the occasion happened to be his friend and neighbor, Mr. Kingsley, who, of whatever views he might be suspected, could certainly not be suspected of sympathy with Romanism. Indeed, the score was singularly complete, for it was just at the time when Kingsley had been engaged in his famous controversy with Cardinal Newman, in which he had made a very vehement attack upon the Church of Rome's methods, and in which, it must be confessed, Kingsley had for once rather forgotten his manners. And perhaps it may be added that, while Newman triumphantly vindicated his personal character, we may be ultimately grateful to Kingsley's fierce and faulty dialectic for eliciting the splendid "Apologia pro Vita Mea." Indeed, it was one of those great controversies in which both the disputants were probably right.

People who saw Kingsley at the service at Wellington Chapel—he was often there when his boy was at the school—more than once asked my father who it was that bowed his head so low at the sacred name of Jesus in the prayers and exhibited such emotion all through the service.

My father used to tell how once he was walking with Kingsley round about Eversley, when Kingsley suddenly stopped and said, "It is no use; I know you detest tobacco, Benson, but I must have a smoke"; and he had accordingly gone to a big furze-bush and put his arm in at a hole, and,

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after some groping about, produced a big churchwarden pipe, which he filled and smoked with great satisfaction, afterward putting it into a hollow tree, and telling my father with a chuckle that he had concealed pipes all over the parish, to meet the exigencies of a sudden desire to smoke.

Again, my father remembered walking with Kingsley and coming to a little horse-pond, nearly dry, in the mud of which were writhing a number of hateful-looking transparent worms. Kingsley bent down, absorbed, to watch them, and in a moment turned up his sleeves and plunged his hands into the mud, saying, solemnly, "In the name of N-nature, come out."

And once again, the great aeronaut Coxwell came once to lecture at Wellington, shortly after his terrible ascent in a balloon, when they had gone so high that his companion had become unconscious and Coxwell's hands were so frozen with cold that he had only just in time been able to tear the valve open with his teeth.

There was a large party invited to meet Coxwell at dinner, among them Kingsley. After dinner, Kingsley suddenly said in a silence, "I have often thought that the first man that ever went up in a balloon must have been a d-dentist." Some one laughed and said, "What an extraordinary idea!" "I don't know," said Kingsley; "a man who is always looking down people's throats, and pulling their teeth about and breathing their breath must be inspired with a tremendous desire to get away and above it all." Coxwell leaned forward and said very good-humoredly, "Well, Mr. Kingsley, it is true that I am a dentist, but it was not that that made me become an aeronaut." "My d-dear Mr. Coxwell," said Kingsley, flushing red, "I am sure I beg your pardon. I had no idea it was so. You must have thought me singularly ill-mannered to make a joke of it." And he could not recover his spirits for the rest of the evening, because he was the soul of courtesy, and hated giving pain to any human being more perhaps than anything in the world.

And I will add here a characteristic little story, never, I believe, published, told me by a near neighbor of Kingsley's. Kingsley was lecturing at Chester on "Heroes," and had just concluded with fiery emotion a very noble address. The chairman, a well-meaning man, who had, no doubt, prepared a neat impromptu speech beforehand, lowered the emotional temperature by saying that the man who answered to the

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description of a hero was the man who, with the thermometer below freezing-point, put his feet down to the bottom of his bed. There was a laugh, and then a silence, in which Kingsley, with thunder in his face, was heard to whisper, as he imagined, to his neighbor, "Who is that f-f-fool?" And I cannot refrain from thinking that he would like to have prefixed to the word "fool" the qualification which the Duke of Wellington was known to use with considerable effect.

Life ran on swiftly enough at the little parsonage, but never either equably or peacefully. Kingsley's life was a series of breakdowns. When he was well and strong he would write letters, visit his people, talk, smoke from morning to night. He was extraordinarily restless in body as well as in mind. He could seldom sit quietly through a meal, and tobacco was to him an absolutely necessary sedative. Then at the end of a day which would have sent many men crawling to bed he would sit up half the night writing at one of his novels. Then after a few months he would collapse and be ordered off. At first he used, after a breakdown, to plunge into active physical exercise, and be surprised that he did not get better; but he soon discovered that it did not refresh the mind to overtire the body, and so he used to content himself with sitting out in the sun in some quiet moorland place, drawing the peace of Nature and God into the fevered brain and throbbing heart till the old energy returned. He had moods of the deepest depression, and indeed all life long looked forward to death, as he said, with an intense and reverent curiosity.

At one time he made the mistake of accepting the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. He was not in the least equipped for it. He knew no history scientifically, but for all that his lectures were intensely inspiring, though attended more by young enthusiasts than by professed historical students. But he realized himself that it was a mistake, and soon resigned. What was felt by the more cynical academical people on his retirement is best expressed by an epigram of the late Master of Trinity, Dr. Thompson, who attended the inaugural lecture of Kingsley's successor, Professor Seeley, a man of great genius, whom the Master hopelessly underrated. The Master sate through the lecture with an air of supreme contempt, and, on going out, said to a friend, with an air of gentle compassion,

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"Dear, dear, who would have thought that we should so soon have been regretting poor Kingsley?"

I have said that Kingsley was very unpopular at one time in England. He was thought dangerously unorthodox, a Radical, a Socialist, an encourager of republican doctrines. But Kingsley was never really a Radical—he had an intense sympathy for the downtrodden poor, but what he loved in them was not their discontented and repining spirit, but the true men that they might become. He had a great idea of the due subordination of classes, and of the noble work of kings and priests. He once said to a friend at Chester: "When I was in America, I saw the prospectus of a newspaper whose editor promised that he would always act up to his motto: 'When you see a head, hit it.' Good heavens," added Kingsley, "what an idea this gives one of the constant tendency of democracy to keep all human qualities, powers and talents at one dead level!" Still he was misunderstood and almost persecuted. He preached a sermon once in a church in London about which a complaint was made to the Bishop, and Kingsley was forbidden to preach in London, though the prohibition was withdrawn on the publication of the discourse.

But he lived it all down, and came to be regarded with universal admiration and love; he was made a Canon of Chester and later of Westminster, where he held enormous congregations spellbound by his fiery eloquence. But the blade was wearing out the scabbard. His son came back from a tour abroad, and was horrified to find that his father had suddenly become an old man, bent and with white hair, though he was only fifty-six, and at the end of the year 1874 he went joyfully back to Eversley from his residence in London for the last time. Early in the new year Mrs. Kingsley fell dangerously ill, and her life was despaired of; the fear struck Kingsley down, and he fell ill himself of a chill. One night he augured from something that was said at his bedside that her death was momently expected, and insisted on going to say good-by to her—and what that sacred parting was can be imagined rather than told. But the exposure to the cold air brought on pneumonia, and he lay unconscious, in the sad and solemn occupation known as dying—when the most commonplace person in the world who lies dozing and fevered in the darkened room is invested for all who move silently about the house with a strange majesty

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and awe. And so he passed into the presence of God, having lived in his small span of existence the life of ten men of ordinary mold. Mrs. Kingsley recovered, and survived him for many years.

It is an almost impossible thing to try to analyze and summarize the life of Charles Kingsley. It is like analyzing a flame, a thing that glows and leaps and vanishes ere you can fix your gaze upon it. He did not found a school of thought or enrich his age with great, fruitful ideas, but he belonged to the party of those who, like Carlyle, dared to look facts in the face and say what they thought of them; and this was all the more impressive in Kingsley because he spoke and acted candidly, unconventionally and generously, from a position which had grown to be synonymous with caution and conventionality and acquiescence. He was a democrat in surplice and hood. He was not a revolutionary at all; he believed with all his heart in labor and order, equal opportunities and due subordination; he did not wish to destroy the framework of society, but to animate it throughout with appropriate responsibility.

But he was far more than this: he was a poet from head to heel, and all his work, verse or prose, sermon or scientific lecture, was done in the spirit of the poet. He was neither theologian nor scientist nor historian, but he loved Nature and humanity alike, the complexity of natural forces, the moral law, the great affections of men and women, their transfiguring emotions, their noble sacrifices. It was to him a conspiracy of manifold interest, a huge and enlivening mystery, holding out to him at a thousand points glimpses of a vast and magnificent design, of which he burned to be the interpreter. But he was not content with a splendid optimism of heart and voice, such as Browning practised; he had a strong combative element, which could have made him an enthusiastic pirate if he had not been a parson. He had that note of high greatness—the power of tormenting himself into a kind of frenzy at all patient and stupid acquiescence in remediable evil. It is an unphilosophical position enough to hold that the world was created on ideal lines, and that mankind has perversely marred the design. Sir George Trevelyan, in one of his youthful ebullitions of irresponsible and delicious humor, writing of Calcutta, said, "God made the country, and man made the town, and the municipal council made the drains"—the combined effect is

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overwhelming. But that was in a way very much Kingsley's view. He saw a world full of splendid chances, crammed with entertainment and work for all, and yet in a horrible mess. He wanted to put it all straight, beginning with the drains, and yet never forgetting the Redemption. And so he went on his way through life at a swinging stride, with a word and a smile and a hand-grasp for all, full of pity and courage and enthusiasm and love, ready to explain everything and to maintain anything, in a splendid and contagious hurry, making plenty of mistakes, full of weak arguments and glowing metaphors, and yet somehow uplifting and inspiring every one with whom he came into contact, giving away all he had got with both hands, greeting every one as a brother and a friend, his life flaring itself away in his joyful and meteoric passage. Like Sir Andrew Barton, in the fine old ballad, when he was pierced, he said:

> "I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
> And then I'll rise and fight again."

Thus one feels about Kingsley, not that his conclusions are intellectually correct, but that they are emotionally inspiring—that his restless, roving eye, his bold, unquiet heart, his uplifting talk, his joyful laughter, his pitying tears, all make him into a personality which even the coldest and dullest could not regard unmoved.

And then, too, whatever he was not, he was a great teller of tales which catch the heart of children and men alike by their sweetness, their energy and their purity, and leave one gasping and thrilled, with a strong inclination half to shed tears and half to go and do likewise. Life was full for him of fire and music, with a vision ahead of a city of God where one could live unstained and love untroubled.

It was in a day of radiant summer that I last set foot in Eversley. The church has been restored in Kingsley's honor with that singular and pathetic desire to do honor to a man by destroying and refurbishing everything on which his eyes had once lovingly rested. The little yew-trees of the churchyard had grown up into tall pillars; the marble of the grave is weather-worn now; the house where his fiery heart beat so high and sank so low is, but for an added touch of trimness, just what I recollect it to have been. The whole place was thronged with pilgrims—groups of men and women and children, come to see the earthly scene where the books they

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loved had been written, where a man had clasped life so close and worshiped it so tenderly. As a rule, when one visits a shrine which one regards as sacred, one desires to be alone; but I loved to see those pilgrims there, and loved them for coming. It seemed natural, beautiful and right. There was not a tree or a stone in the place that did not seem somehow penetrated with the man's great and tender spirit. I was thankful that I had seen him and loved him in the old days, and that it was good to stand where his spirit had broken out, like a spring in a wilderness, to sink again into the central Fount of life and love.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

FICTION

THE MILLER OF OLD CHURCH. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co., 1911.

AMONG the established novelists of our country Ellen Glasgow easily stands in front rank. None of the modern inducements to gain popularity by lowering her own fine standard of what the novel is and should be have corrupted her. Her work has been astonishingly steady and serious and each new novel has shown in some way an advance upon the earlier work; a new beauty of style, a wider philosophy, a saner grasp of living, or a profounder knowledge of the human heart.

In *The Miller of Old Church* we note two sources of strength and charm. First a more fluid and easy narrative. There is never a sense that invention has run short and been forced. The narrative moves simply, but surely and inevitably; characters are true to themselves and show temperamental integrity, and the knowledge of humanity is surer, deeper than ever before.

There is no exaggeration in saying that what Thomas Hardy has done for the folk of the south of England Ellen Glasgow has done for Virginia. She is steeped not only in the soil and landscape,—other writers have matched her here,—but in the humanity that grows on that soil.

We have a wonderful picture-gallery in *The Miller of Old Church,* and to begin with the very first there stands Adam Doolittle, a worthy study to set beside Hardy's "Sammy Blare" or "Granfer Cantle." Old Adam appears in the first chapter, and his ready and complete philosophy of life comes out at once in his warning to the stranger that if he persists in going as far as Jordan's Journey "thar's the bars to be pulled down an' put up ag'in." Nowhere else except on Virginia soil would this question of bars be of so great moment, but where the blood runs so sluggishly and effort is so difficult it is a matter of import. No wonder when young Adam, "a dejected-looking youth of fifty," informs his father that he found the bars already down he responds: "Well, they hadn't ought to have been. Bars is bars, whether they be public or private, an' the man that pulls 'em down without puttin' 'em up ag'in is a man that you'll find to be loose-moraled in other matters." And again he says: "I'm too old at my time of life to take up with any opinion that ain't pleasant to think on, an' when all's said and done pure murder ain't a peaceable and comfortable kind of thing to believe in when thar's only one Justice of the Peace an' he bedridden since Christmas. When you ax me to pin my faith on any p'int, be it for this world or the next, my first question consarnin' it is

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whether that particular p'int happens to be pleasant. 'Tis that little small argyment of mine that has confounded Mr. Mullen more than once when he meets me on equal ground outside the pulpit. 'Mebbe 'tis an' mebbe 'tisn't' as I remarked sociably to him about the matter of eternal damnation; but you can't deny, can you, suh, bein' outside the pulpit an' bound to speak the truth, like the rest of us, that you sleep a long sight easier in yo' bed when you say to yo'self that mebbe 'tisn't." A perfectly delightful character-study from beginning to end is old Adam, with his indigenous wit, his true wisdom of the soil—"when it comes to crops or the weather I'm firm fixed enough in my belief, but in matters of religion I hold with the onsartain"—to the last scene in Bottom's Ordinary where old Adam expounds philosophy to his son: "Human natur' is generally made with a streak of foolishness an' a streak of sense, just as fat an' lean runs in a piece of bacon. That's what I say, an' I reckon I ought to know, bein' turned ninety." He is a masterpiece of portraiture as wonderful in kind, as true to life as Ghirlandajo's picture of a grandfather with a wart on his nose and a glance as tender as the blessed Virgin's.

Old Adam is the finest portrait in the book, but Solomon Hatch and Betsy Bottom of Bottom's Ordinary, Sarah Revercombe, with her flowers and her sharp tongue, her stoic sense of life, and tenderness to the grandparents, are almost as fine; and Angela, that egoist and despot, who by virtue of physical frailty and transparent loveliness goes through life riding the wave of other people's sacrifices, is a very remarkable bit of observation, while for hard pathos there are few bits of portraiture equal to Aunt Keziah. The main story is concerned with the love of Molly Merrywether and Abel Revercombe, but the background of humanity in which the two chief actors are set is so fascinating as to lure one over and over again to the minor figures. For the first time we feel that an American novelist may come who shall stand equal to Hardy. Miss Glasgow has a like eye for landscape, a deep sense of the interplay of soil, climate, and character, as deep a probe for the human heart. She has, too, as witness the pages dealing with the death of Jonathan Gay as full a philosophy. These pages are written with a poetic and strangely mystical sense of the wholeness of all existence. The death of Reuben is reminiscent of two earlier books—namely, the wonderful end of Waldo in *The African Farm* of Olive Schreiner and the death of Florrie in Alice Brown's *Rose McLeod,* but the death of Jonathan is a piece of writing which we should be at a loss to find equaled elsewhere. Miss Glasgow began as a novelist with the publication of *The Descendant* before her twenty-first year. She has progressed steadily, producing a novel each second or third year. We feel that in this, her ninth book, she shows herself a worthy successor to Thomas Hardy, as able and as profound in her own field as he was in his.

The Long Roll. By Mary Johnston. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911.

It was told that when Mary Johnston's first novel was published a young professor handed it to another, saying, "If you want some fun here's a dime novel well written." Miss Johnston began, indeed, with the novel of adventure and she was nothing if not prolific of them. "A thrill a page" was another of the gentle advertisements of one of her first books. In re-

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reading those early books what one notes is excellent writing, a good knowledge of literature, especially eighteenth-century literature, a keen sense for event, and a total lack of grip upon human nature. Her books were book-made; the work of an imagination fed upon romance, but, alas! strangely lacking in heart and human experience. But Mary Johnston, like Ellen Glasgow, has been a serious craftsman. She also has meant to do the thing worth while at all costs to herself, and her novels have steadily improved. *Lewis Rand* added to a fine historical sense a real power of characterization.

The Long Roll is the best fictional study of the Civil War that has yet been done in America, and it achieves the impossible; it fairly makes that worn and hackneyed subject throbbingly alive. The very marches and countermarches, the despatches and orders, take on life under Mary Johnston's keen and vivid sense of the past. Old soldiers, men who have marched through the very roads she describes and fought the battles she writes of, say that her minute knowledge of every detail of the war is little less than a miracle. The portrait of Stonewall Jackson is, of course, the central point of interest, and it is, as portraits go, doubtless remarkably true. His lemon and his feet are, perhaps, somewhat too much in the high light, but the whole thing is as able an historical study as we can show in the fiction of America.

A Big Horse to Ride. By E. B. Dewing. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It is the way of adolescence to begin with self-contemplation and slowly to widen the gaze until it reaches the outer world. Miss Dewing is amazingly young and amazingly clever. If she continues to write novels and to turn her penetrating gaze slowly from the inner to the outer life she may do something very well worth while. Those writers who begin with the outer apprehension, as did Meredith, often become too intellectualized, too impartial and inclusive for a wide audience. Those who persistently harp on the personal string go crazy, as did Nietzsche. There is a happy medium in which the personality, while never dissolved, is slowly broadened to take in the surrounding world, and we get as a result a universe temperamentally sifted.

Just now Miss Dewing is still at the intensely subjective stage of existence. We do not mean to say that because Miss Dewing gives us in *A Big Horse to Ride* the autobiography of a dancer that she herself is a dancer. Rather we fancy she has made a close study of the cool-headed, light-toed Genée and has endowed her with the writer's swift and curious intelligence and so made a very enthralling heroine. We note with pleasure throughout the book the insistence upon "intellectual integrity," which is as much the dominant ideal of the highly educated woman of to-day as tender susceptibility and emotional submission were of the Early Victorian lady. Not that the young lady of the novel is passionless; there are more love-affairs, light and heavy, than the old-fashioned like to contemplate; she runs the gamut from a chase around the tea-table to be kissed to the six years' desertion of an estimable husband; but with all this she still records that "a skirt held well out of the dust" is, after all, the most fertile field of passional analysis. Exactly how dust would be symbolized to this proudly intellectual lady we cannot guess. The old-fashioned lady did not

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admit with so much frankness the wavering of her emotions. Perhaps her emotions wavered and she did not tell. At any rate, the purging of the mind by free confession and careful analysis is the modern method and the one Miss Dewing adopts. One lover is what she calls "the lute-playing of love"; another represented "the love of the flesh, a frank delight of the eye; flesh at its highest"; and shortly after came the husband who represented dominance, quiet force. One hardly knows whether it is in keeping with the general character of this husband that after six years' absence a telegram, "I am coming to you," should be responded to with, "Good!" However, so the tale runs, and whatever the tale may not be,—and it is neither broad nor deep,—it is clever, amazingly clever. There is, of course, in the book what Emerson noted in Margaret Fuller, "a rather mountainous Me." The young dancer who is the author's heroine undoubtedly sees the world, life, human nature, as a whetstone upon which to sharpen her wits. Are clever women more egotistical than men, or do we notice it more just because we are less used to it in them? It is hard to decide. Usually a young man has outgrown his "mountainous Me" at twenty six or seven. Life has disciplined and divested him; custom is more tender to women. Miss Dewing is once more tremendously clever, and some day all this material of cleverness may work down into wisdom and reflection and she will give us a good novel. But let her, meantime, beware of the standards and ideals of Gertrude Atherton and apply her heart to getting wisdom.

THE VISIONING. By SUSAN GLASPELL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1911.

One's first thought in reading this pretty tale is that the mantle of the Duchess has fallen upon Miss Glaspell. But despite the fact that it is a young girl's book of a young girl's world, life has so changed that the atmosphere of the Duchess's people can no longer be evoked. In her slight and pleasant way Miss Glaspell copes with the most serious problems of human civilization.

The child's world is nearer to heaven than the man's, and this young girl's book is purer and lovelier than the books of many a more sophisticated mind. Perhaps if more young girls were taught to help and to love and to console just whenever and wherever they could,—scorning the consequences,—we might some day have a better world than we have to-day. Miss Glaspell writes with dangerous ease, some grace, some effervescence of spirit. She grapples lightly with the insincerities of ecclesiasticism, and one of her best-drawn and most amusing figures is the good bishop who wants to stem the uprising tide of socialism. The conversation in which Katie, the heroine, suddenly asks her uncle, the bishop, "Do you ever think about Christ?" is very striking.

The book is a book for young minds. It is a girl's book written by a girl, but it may do much toward inducing generous ideals and kindly feelings, and it is throughout light and agreeable reading. It makes no pretence at seriousness and has from the standpoint of literature no existence at all. But it is a book to give the young without hesitation. It will interest and it will not hurt.

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THE STREET OF TO-DAY. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1911.

John Masefield has rendered good service as a dramatist. His novel is more a promise than an achievement; it is notably less mature than the lurid and awful *Tragedy of Nan*. Like most young novelists, Mr. Masefield relies too much upon epigram, scraps of keen observation, sudden flashes of insight. His narrative power is still somewhat halting, and the characterization is occasionally feeble. Certain notes are reiterated until they remind us of the song "Ein Ton"; such, for example, as Lionel's feeling for the exquisite fineness and delicacy of women. The epigrams are mostly good. For example, "Success is the brand on the brow for aiming low," "Marriage is as much a refuge as an escape." Perhaps the best word in all the book is the last: "Perfect life, or that which we on earth call God, is no thunderous thing clothed in the lightning, but something lovely and unshaken in the mind, in the minds about us, that burns like a star for us to march by through all the night of the soul."

DENRY THE AUDACIOUS. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1911.

Really, Mr. Bennett should know better! After *Old Wives' Tales* he gave us *The Glimpse*, which was quite evidently a slight, young book rewritten and much patched. Now after *Clayhanger* he presents us with the less pardonable *Denry the Audacious*. *Denry the Audacious* is amusing, but it is likewise unpleasant. We do not respect ourselves for being amused at the career of a person who begins his success by forging a number on his school report. On this action Mr. Bennett comments: "Every schoolboy is dishonest by the adult standard. If I knew an honest schoolboy, I should begin to count my silver spoons when he grew up. All is fair between schoolboys and schoolmasters."

After this opening one is prepared for the farcical and rather vulgar continuation of Denry's successes. The book has the mérit of carrying us back to Bursley, one of the five towns with which Mr. Bennett has made us so familiar. We have witnessed sordid tragedies in this town, and in *Denry the Audacious* we witness one of its sordid farces.

But with all due respect to Mr. Bennett's best achievements, we do not quite forgive him this vulgar jest.

BROTHER COPAS. By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

To those who are acquainted with the literary standing of "Q" the lightness and slightness of his novels always come as a surprise. They have, however, a distinctive touch of learning here and there and a fair and elegant style. The setting in the present case is easily identified as the Hospital of St. Cross at Winchester, although Sir Quiller-Couch confusingly calls his town Merchester suggesting Melchester, the name given by Mr. Hardy to the cathedral town of Salisbury.

The dissensions and difficulties in this community of noble poverty, the great unsettled question of high church or low church, and the final solution by means of that charity which covers a multitude of sins is the theme of

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Brother Copas. There is a delightful Swinburnian translation of a late Latin poem—the sort of thing that Sir Quiller-Couch does *con amore*. There is a town pageant which brings peace after dissension and there is a perfectly unreal and perfectly impossible but equally charming American child. But, on the whole, there is enough background and enough setting, enough learning, and enough ease of writing to make the whole book very readable and pleasant for an idle half-hour. If this is the only way in which Sir Quiller-Couch can earn the liberty to do his literary studies we pardon his novels.

THE MARRIED MISS WORTH. By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1911.

A great many people are profoundly interested in the stage and in those shadowy figures behind the scenes whom we see only in the heightened atmosphere of romantic passions and footlights. Mrs. Hale has already done good service in showing us these folk as quite simple, kindly human beings, much like ourselves. In *The Married Miss Worth*, Mrs. Hale reverts to one of the hackneyed themes of the all-pervasive woman question. Can a married woman claim to have any existence apart from her husband's? Mrs. Hale definitely answers, No! Love and a little light housekeeping are sufficient to fill all the best years of any woman's life. Our authoress even faces unrelentingly the case of a woman who is distinctly the better man of the two in the partnership. She must still consent to hide and be coddled and cuddled while the poor husband blunders along and makes such a living as he is able to for the two of them. Mrs. Hale is quite firm in her view of the eternal position of the sexes and of the inferiority of her own. But allowing for differences of opinion on this subject, the book is a merry, amusing tale full of fun, life, and anecdote.

MASTER AND MAID. By MRS. L. ALLEN HARKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

Mrs. Harker has written one charming book called *Concerning Paul and Fiammetta*. If many others had as good taste as Mrs. Harker, one could wish that publishers were purely dumb mechanics, for in the *Romance of the Nursery* publishers' suggestions undoubtedly spoiled the flavor of Mrs. Harker's work. One could hardly hope that this author could ever give us again anything as delightful and rare as the little figures of Paul and Fiammetta. In the present book, however, she gives us a bright-faced and unconventional little Irish girl who by some peculiar train of events goes to visit the housemaster in a boys' school. The situation is unprecedented and, of course, must result in either comedy or tragedy, and we are thankful to the author for letting it be comedy in this case. Every one in the book is exceedingly agreeable and pleasant except Miss Foster, the matron, who, according to all conventional standards, might naturally look upon the situation with disapproval.

In the end Lallie marries the housemaster whose citadel she has stormed and everybody is left to be happy forever. Mrs. Harker's style moves lightly and brightly, and the only criticism of the volume is that she has very little to say and not a particularly good story to tell.

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TRAVEL

THE WEST IN THE EAST. By PRICE COLLIER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

It is fair to say that the most striking, able, and best-written book of travel of the last year is Mr. Price Collier's *West in the East*. The great success of his *England and the English* prepared a wide public for his new book, and it will not be disappointed. His book is as interesting, as readable, as full of information as its predecessor; above all, it is as vital and alert.

Mr. Collier made his journey through the East under notably favorable conditions. His introductions, whether royal or merely given by high English officials, were such as to make him an honored guest of the Governor of Bombay, Her Highness the Sultan Begum of Bhopal, His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda, His Highness the Maharana of Udaipur, His Highness the Maharaja of Kaparthala, His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala, the Viceroy at Calcutta, etc. These were unusual opportunities, even if not such as to warrant Mr. Collier's assurance that with only such opportunities as fall to the lot of the average tourist it would not be worth while to spend a week in the East. Lafcadio Hearn, for example, had slight acquaintance with the aristocracy of Japan, but he left some valuable records and observations; and the same point might be made of Dr. Herbert Giles, professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, England, who translated *The Works of Chuang-Tsu,* and wrote the most valuable English books of Chinese learning extant. His *Synoptical Studies in Chinese Character, Dictionary of Colloquial Terms, Remains of Lao Tzu, Historic China and Other Sketches, From Swatow to Canton Overland,* were well worth his prolonged stay in China without any introductions. We do not know just how long Madame Judith Gautier remained in the East, or what her introductions were, but her *Livre de Jade* is a valuable glimpse into the soul of a people. But possibly Mr. Collier would make exceptions of such mental endowment.

Mr. Collier is evidently a man of alert and quick perceptions; of imperialistic convictions and excellent literary training. In these days when nothing is more scorned than so-called "style," it is a refreshment of spirit to read a book written in as pure a language, as clear and lucid a style. The great tradition of Matthew Arnold is carried on in this well-built volume. No sentences begin to straggle off into the dim inane. Sentences and paragraphs are well based and solidly built. They lead directly to a goal. And yet Mr. Collier is without pedantry or affectation. There is no attempt to write English as if it were a dead language relearned. The book deals mainly with British rule in India; it is full of information, excellent narrative, and beautiful description. Except for that incomparable and little-known tale *Kela-Bai,* by Charles Johnstone, we know of few books that give so vivid a sense of the strange, exotic atmosphere of India. The pages describing the Taj Mahal are truly eloquent. One wonders if Mr. Collier learned his art of description from such old poets as Li-Tai-Pé, who described a "Porcelain Pavillion," or Ouan-Po, who wrote of the "Pavillion of the Young King," or, best of all, of Thou-Fou who wrote "The Beautiful Palace of Jade"?

A charmingly written, very informing volume is this, and we take issue with it only when Mr. Collier draws his philosophical conclusions or when

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he deals with matters psychological. Although one would derive from his hot praises that there was nothing he valued more than the judicial temperament, the somewhat heavy but slow and sure estimate of the meaning of a fact, it would be impossible to attribute this temperament to Mr. Collier. He is too volatile, too glitteringly brilliant, too swift to come at conclusions, too hot-tempered and provocative. It would be futile, since Mr. Collier is so openly imperialistic, to point out that his facts and statistics often contradict those of Mr. Keir Hardie, the socialist who preceded Mr. Collier through India. It is natural that what a man goes forth to see, he sees. We are not sure whether Mr. Keir Hardie is deserving all the contempt Mr. Collier treats him to or not. But there are some socialists certainly who do not deserve Mr. Collier's statement that they are trying to turn the world topsy-turvy because they are underneath. There are dignified and disinterested socialists who are willing to relinquish advantages from purely disinterested motives. Mr. William Dean Howells is a socialist, and no one could suspect him either of grasping or of sentimentality. It is, indeed, the chief flaw in this book that Mr. Collier is not willing to convert his adversary by data or by argument. He must heap abuse and contempt upon him. The method is a high-wrought and nervous one, and detracts greatly from the force and persuasiveness of the book. A very temperate letter, which was published recently in *The Nation* from an educated Indian studying at the universities in the United States, states that India is made to pay $150,000,000 annually to England for so-called home-charges, *without any economic return* whatsoever; that the famines in India are due to the inevitable results of the rack-renting English rule; that within the last quarter of a century there have been ten big famines which swept away from 15,000,000 to 26,000,000 people, and that the famines instead of becoming lighter and fewer with the continuance of English rule are returning with unprecedented severity and frequency. The letter goes on to say that not more than one man in ten and one woman in a hundred in India can read and write, and yet Mr. Collier inveighs vehemently against the amount of education England is giving to India. Only an expert could find out where the truth lay in these contradictions. Psychologically Mr. Collier's indictment against education will not hold water. We all know that a little knowledge is dangerous. So is a little authority, or a little success. Power of any sort is dangerous till a man has learned to handle it, but it is impossible to divide learning from character, judgment and discrimination. To teach a man to think, even enough to memorize an alphabet and set words together or to count objects and add and subtract is to add to his power of thinking and judging, and the only virtue and character that mean anything are the results of *thinking* right.

One of the most provoking of Mr. Collier's habits is to make contradictory statements upon the same subject, so that in the end one does not know where he stands or what he means.

Of the missionary in the East he says, p. 53:

"The conversion of the thousand million brown and yellow men of Asia by the five hundred million Christians is so far away in the distance that no eye, even of the imagination, can see so far down the aisles of time. Far be it from me, a Christian, to discourage the attempt. On the contrary, Christianity has become so clogged with materialistic misinterpre-

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tations of its messages; the tent-making and fishing apostles have been so lost in cardinals and bishops living in palaces with the revenue of princes, that the Christian missionary seems almost the one fine and genuine thing left. Just because there is no hope of visible success he is the more admirable and the more Christian."

We are pleased with this appreciation of the missionary till it is ruthlessly destroyed on page 231 by the following:

"That stanch and fearless Churchman Bishop Creighton told less than the truth when he said: 'The conscious missionary is a bore.' He is often a menace to peace. It has been suggested that one reason there are so many heathen is that missionaries so often illustrate in their own persons the unpleasant effects of salvation. Praying to a congregation, or to any audience, any prayer, indeed, except it be inaudible and in the closet, would seem to be a most dangerous and daring form of spiritual exercise, a sickening form of idolatry," etc., etc.

The benefits of education, the value of libraries, and the whole French nation are waved aside with contempt. "You cannot teach character no matter how much else you teach, and character is the only thing worth while."

"France is suffering from physical and moral dry-rot as a direct result of secular education."

And yet in the conclusion we read "that we must first of all rid ourselves of the assumption that we are called upon to impose our religious and moral code upon the East."

Again, free education is a mistake and a failure. "The State should supply opportunity for elementary study; but beyond that men should not be pampered into intellectual dawdling, but left, even forced if necessary, to fell the forest and plow the plain."

Yet four pages further on we read:

"India needs engineers, agricultural chemists, archeologists, mining engineers, architects, statisticians, students of hygiene, political economists, scientific farmers."

Does Mr. Collier think these are produced without any higher education? Mr. Collier announces himself early in the book as a Christian, but there is little trace in his book of the great Master who commanded men to love their neighbors as themselves and to resist not him that is evil. A little further on the agnostic is branded as one who "assumes an exaggerated love for humanity as his love for God dwindles." But was it not the Founder of Christianity who taught:

"If a man say I love God and hateth his brother he is a liar; he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how *can* he love God whom he hath not seen?"

The truth is, as has been emphasized for some two thousand years, that the only love of God which means anything at all is the love of mankind; not necessarily the rich, the powerful, the successful, but love of those whom Christ loved, the poor, the humble, the simple, the downtrodden.

Moreover, we cannot agree when Mr. Collier tells us that Indian philosophy of life is indefinite rather than profound. No one really familiar with the "Bhagivadgita" and the "Upanishads" would admit that. We

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should like too to dispute the good taste of such descriptions as that of the citizens of Kansas City on pp. 174-5, the overplump countrywoman on p. 464, the American girls and youths on p. 493, and the English widow on p. 330. They do not add to the vitality of the book in any way, and they detract from our confidence in the author's good taste. There is one little coincidence worthy of note: in writing of his stay in Tokio Mr. Collier happens to tell of a Japanese nobleman who exclaimed to him, "What a fine thing if you had in your country a descendant of George Washington!" It just happens that right there in Tokio lives a direct descendant of George Washington's brother Lawrence, St. George Tucker, president of St. Paul's College, a great linguist, a wise and learned man, highly respected and very influential, practising many of the great qualities, renunciation, restraint, disinterested love of humanity and liberty of our country's father and his ancestor's brother. It would have been a good deed to have introduced this particular Japanese nobleman to Mr. St. George Tucker.

One's admiration for this book will necessarily depend upon one's agreement with Mr. Collier's point of view, for he has no gentle persuasions to waste on his opponents. If one can believe with Mr. Collier that carelessness with money is a worse crime than carelessness of humanity and human happiness, that the strong and successful man is justified in taking all he can get and holding it, that the political and personal liberty of women would result in "a vocal and physical protest such as no mutiny even can parallel," that might is right, and material gains success, that Christ and Christianity are "ethical luxuries," then the book will make a strong appeal.

It is said that the measure of the vitality of a book is the amount of contradiction it provokes. If this be so, Mr. Collier's book is keenly alive, for we should like to challenge him at every page and talk back.

An Oberland Chalet. By Edith Elmer Wood. New York: Wessells Bissell Co., 1910.

The spirit of a writer does so betray itself in a book that one wonders sometimes how an evil or a greedy or an irascible person dare proclaim himself aloud to the world in a book. The interesting part of *An Oberland Chalet* is that Mrs. Wood must be such a jolly person to know—honest, sincere, buoyant, observant, fond of adventure. One enjoys her book as one would enjoy her society. She would need only to send a telegram and a proposal to one to go anywhere, for him to pack up a satchel and be ready. There would be no question of the delight of the companionship. This is the simplest, most unpretentious, most unstudied travel-book of the year, and the most readable and pleasant. It has all the charm of familiar and friendly letters; such letters, alas! as no one writes nowadays. It is a book to read from cover to cover without a yawn, and it leaves one with some such sense of fresh air and wide horizons that the great out-of-doors books give us: *Lavengro Selborne, Walden, Pepacton,* etc.

Mrs. Wood settles herself and family, a mother, a sister-in-law, a nurse, two babies, a brother from college, and a brother's friend in a little chalet of the better type—"exactly like the toothpick boxes"—of a Frau Se-

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cundärlehrer, about a mile and a half from the Grindelwald station on the road to the upper glacier. From here the whole family picnicked, and the four more vigorous members went off on walking-tours. Evidently economy was a factor in Mrs. Wood's outings and the accounts are frankly kept for our benefit. The walking-tours are not the conventional ones from great hotel to fashionable inn, but record careful bargaining at out-of-the-way stops; the roads are conscientiously dealt with, and who will take down a map and follow may get detailed information as to how to spend a delightful, happy, inexpensive summer walking through Switzerland. The jaunt down into Italy is described with particular vim and charm. It may be added that all the personalities who belonged to Mrs. Wood's party are of those healthy, buoyant, cultivated Americans whose simplicity, sincerity, and determination to know and enjoy the best of this world make them the most delightful traveling companions in the world. So many folk nowadays plume themselves upon pointing out and describing the new rich American horde overrunning Europe in the summer, and the old-fashioned Daisy Miller type who still seem to abound on the boats that run the length of Lake Geneva, one cannot be too grateful for an author who shows us the best type, the most truly successful and valuable type of American citizen.

VENICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILIPPE MONNIER. By RICHARD G. BADGER. Boston: The Gorham Press, 1910.

There are so many questions the reviewer would enjoy putting to the publishers. One of these is why translations are never done by people who know English as well as the language from which they are translating. The present volume bears on the face of it proof that the translator, whose name is not given, was inadequately instructed in French and English. He is evidently at a loss for a translation of such words as "L'Anonyme," and prints it in the French as if it were a proper name; *chevaliers servants* again stands untranslated; also "*Checa la Pouine*," "*en gamberlugue*," "*devotées*," "*seigneur*," etc. Now and then the translator makes a literal translation from the French which is thoroughly funny in English, as: "Had I known you sooner what *a* lovely offspring had been mine"; "Ancilla receives President de Brosses, *disguised* as the Venus of Medici"; the children in the family "are called by their *short* names" for nicknames. The sense of many of the sentences is lost by the author's inability to turn the French structure into the English idiom. And surely a sense of humor is lacking in the translator who writes of "purpled senators." One wonders if the translator had any idea what he meant when he set down proper names such as Mezzetino, Truffaldino, without capitals, left the word *cyme* untranslated and wrote of a gallant sitting beneath a quincunx quite as if this were the name of a tree. The translator should be referred to Sir Thomas Browne's interesting treatise on the properties of the *Quincunxial Lozenge*. Again, *pantalon* is not an English word, nor is it English to translate a week and a fortnight, eight days and fifteen days, while "Ange Goudar" evidently should have been Angelo Goudar. While it was permissible for Philippe Monnier, writing in French of Italian things, to retain such words and phrases as *Ciocciari* and *cura-gattoli*, it

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behooved the English translator to find an English equivalent if the book is not to look like a hodge-podge in three languages.

Philippe Monnier's book is full of charm and atmosphere, but both are lost in the ignorant translation. The book is handsomely bound and has a lovely photogravure of Tiepolo's "Portrait of a Page" as frontispiece.

CATHEDRALS OF SPAIN. By JOHN A. GADE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911.

Spain has been subjected to a great many travel-books in the last ten years, and those of 1911 must stand comparison with some very excellent recent work. Royal Tyler's volume of last year was incomparably finer than the one under present consideration. Indeed, Mr. Gade's book is largely made out of Street's fine book, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*. The volume is, however, handsome, the photographs are fairly good, and Mr. Gade is a careful and conscientious observer.

If the book could be published in a small and portable form it would serve as a handy commentary to the ordinary guide-book. It is questionable whether a volume of mere architectural detail such as this is for reading. It is valuable as indicating minute points to the traveler, and good for reference and for refreshing the memory of one who has seen and enjoyed. Otherwise the volume is chiefly commendable as a pleasant-looking volume to lay on the drawing-room table. The plans of the cathedrals are good, but a few pen-and-ink drawings of details and interiors would have added immeasurably to the value of the volume. It contains studies of the cathedrals of Avila, Salamanca, the older and younger, Burgos, Toledo, Leon, Segovia, Seville and Granada. Santiago da Compostella, Barcelona, Gerona, Lerida, Tudela were omitted to avoid bulk.

SEA WOLVES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Commander E. HAMILTON CURREY, R.N. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Oddly enough, theoretical knowledge of a subject does not always mean correct execution. Mr. Currey, in the Preface to the present book, writes: "If this book possesses one supreme qualification, she [*sic*] will escape the fate mentioned, and this quality is—interest." The subject is one to stir the blood and fire the imagination. Those Sea Wolves of the Mediterranean who preceded the buccaneers of the Spanish Main in the seventeenth century, desperate fighters, fearless seamen, ruthless adventurers that they were, should make a book to satisfy the palate of the ten-year-old boy and the *blasé* woman who wants to be transported from the drab drudgery of every day to a more colored and excited atmosphere. Alas! Mr. Currey has gathered his data with conscientious industry, but the trailing clouds of glory, which alone can vivify a past time and set it living before one, are not to hand. The book deals with the lives, battles, and deaths of Uruj and Kheyr-el-Din Barbarossa, with Andrea Doria, the Sultana Roxalana with her romantic and evil story, Dragut-Reis, "that corsair odious to God and man," his experiences as a galley slave and his ransom after four years' captivity, the Knights of St. John, the siege of Malta, Ali Basha of Algiers, the great battle of Sepanto—these should have made a thrilling book. Had Kipling handled this material or any

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literary artist with a sense of omission and amplification, what a book we should have had! But, unfortunately, industry will not do in place of inspiration, and we have only a good book to refer to when memory plays one false as to times, places, battles, and characters. The pictures are rare and inspiring. That one of a galley, gaily flagged, of the Knights of Malta is enough in itself to set the imagination roving in past ages and wild seas, with fearless fighters and conscienceless pirates. Another splendid picture is that of Jean Parisot de la Valette, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta in 1565, with his beautiful armor, plumed helmet, and his white-crossed gown. What insight into primitive ways of fighting one gets from the picture of a *Brigantin donnant chasse a une Féloque, et prest à l'aborder.* Mr. Currey does not tell us where he got all his fascinating old prints, but for two of the best he returns thanks to Mr. Salvino Sant Manduca, of Malta. The book is beautifully bound and printed, a service always rendered by Messrs. Dutton & Co., and one for which the reading public cannot be too grateful. The facts gathered in the book, and the interesting and beautiful pictures, make this *divertissement* of an English naval officer well worth owning.

In and Out of Florence. By Max Vernon. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1910.

This is another entirely unpretentious yet readable and valuable record of a year spent in Florence and in excursions about the neighborhood. It is the more instructive that it aims at being nothing more than a very simple account of personal experience. One gains a real insight into the difficulties of housekeeping in Florence, the charm and delight of living in a rented villa, and the simple heavenliness of Italian servants. The wonder of the gardens is shown in the illustrations, the cool, steeple-like cypresses, the old gray stone walls with lovely iron lace-work gates let in, the gray, twisted olive-orchards, the climbing vines and tiny jutting balconies. Fancy being able to chronicle of one's cook, "She revealed herself no less a woman of heart and wit and beautiful devotion than an excellent cook and a willing slave to our every need," as well as having "an insatiable mania for polishing." Such people make the real joy of living with their cheery pleasure in personal service, and apparently there are none left except in Italy. For any one intending to live in Italy nothing could be better than the accounts given here of marketing, housekeeping, gardening, the village, and the village fair. The small churches of Florence also receive careful and abundant attention, and one very delightful and rare chapter treats of the hillside sculptors, those workmen who set up sheds near the quarries and who, having begun as simple stone-masons, graduated as skilled and endowed sculptors. Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maino, Desiderio da Settignano, the brothers Rossellini, Benedetto da Rovezzano, are among this primitive hillside school of sculpture. There is a valuable chapter on shopping and a charming incident related of the order given an obscure wood-carver for a pair of bellows with sea-horses on the sides. The wood-carver had many doubts as to the general appearance of sea-horses, and the patron was surprised a few days later to receive the bellows with sea-horses in relief of surprising accuracy and beauty. The very fin rays were numbered to the actuality. An authority could have named

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the species. The price was eleven francs—a little over two dollars—and for this sum the carver had gone to the public library and worked over all the books and prints of sea-horses. Still feeling dissatisfied with his knowledge, he went to the Natural History Museum and demanded a sight of the *cavallo del mare*. The professor in charge, understanding the dilemma, kindly lent him the museum sea-horse to keep at his shop until his sea-horses should be done. One can only comment, upon reading of such fidelity to ideals, trust, kindliness, interest, and ability, that probably real heaven is in the neighborhood of Florence, Italy, and if we are really good we shall all go there when we die.

ROYAL PALACES AND PARKS OF FRANCE. By FRANCIS MILTOUN. Illustrated by BLANCHE MCMANUS. Boston: L. C. Page & Company, 1910.

While by no means exhaustive nor intended so to be, this book of Mr. Miltoun's gives quite a comprehensive idea of certain palaces and gardens of France. Art knows nothing of good intentions and must always be judged by its achievements or not at all; but in the making, as in the consideration, of books credit may be justly given for intentions and due allowance be made for possible shortcomings, for books of travel are not to be taken too seriously nor called to too rigorous an account. Mr. Miltoun's work, with Miss McManus's ample illustrations, ought to whet the appetite of those who have *not* seen France and to fix the places described more firmly in the memory of those who have. An indefatigable sight-seer, the author's enthusiasm and deep interest lend a pleasant warmth and color to what might be otherwise occasionally dry, though necessary, details. Gardens and palaces are fully described, while much information of various kinds is interwoven with the descriptions. Of course with the wealth of material that such a subject affords any writer might be pardoned for being sometimes at a loss to know just what to include or what to omit. But there are times when Mr. Miltoun's pages read like the jottings from a note-book that has not been well and sufficiently sifted and diligently revised and filled in. Owing to haste or inadvertence, for instance, Catherine de Medici is made to live in 1650 (page 247) when obviously *Marie* de Medici is meant. This is merely noted in passing, since in a work of this kind accuracy of detail and definite chronological arrangement are indispensable. Then the English, too, both in construction and in clarity, is not always such as a reader may reasonably ask. This passage by way of example: "The regent journeyed out from Paris to this riverside retreat to receive the Tsar Peter in 1717, and in 1752 Louis Philippe d'Orléans set about to give a fête which should obscure the memory of all former events of a like nature into oblivion."

Surely this is far from idiomatic English, nor could it easily be translated into good French; and in many places there are sentences that read as if hurriedly translated into Gallicized English: "The gardens of the Gothic era seldom surpassed the enclos with a rivulet passing through it, a spring, a pine-tree giving a welcome shade, some simple flowers, and a verger of fruit-trees."

Apparently what the author intends is: "The gardens of the Gothic era seldom included more than the close or park with a rivulet passing through it, a spring, a pine-tree giving a welcome shade, some simple flowers, and

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an orchard." For what is verger if not an orchard? But this is another sentence that conveys the hurried note-book effect. In his preface the author says: "Mere historic fact has been subordinated as far as possible to a recital of such picturesque incidents of the life of contemporary times as the old writers have handed down to us and a complete chronological review has in no manner been attempted."

But as truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, so history is sometimes more romantic than romance. One of the best descriptions of Chantilly, for instance, is contained in a letter of Madame de Sévigné's, wherein she tells of a magnificent fête which was there given to Louis XIV and the Court. On this momentous occasion the fish did not come in time and Vatel, Condé's famous *chef*, in an agony of mortification, committed suicide. That letter gives a fuller and better idea of the Court, its life, and atmosphere, together with the pomp of circumstance of a great noble, than do dozens of guide-books and books of travel. For one must go to the times themselves in order to know the times. Mr. Miltoun's book, with its historic palaces and abundant and handsome illustrations "reproduced from paintings made on the spot," may well serve as a pleasant introduction to deeper and more comprehensive study. This book has the advantage of an excellent index.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER XII—*(Continued)*

Nikita surnamed Necator, with a sinister aptness of alliteration! Razumov had heard of him. He had heard so much, since crossing the frontier, of these celebrities of the militant revolution: the legends, the stories, the authentic chronicle, which now and then peeps out before a half-incredulous world. Razumov had heard of him. He was supposed to have killed more gendarmes and police agents than any revolutionist living. He had been intrusted with executions. That paper with the letters N. N., the very pseudonym of murder found pinned on the stabbed breast of a certain notorious spy (that picturesque detail of a sensational murder case had got into the newspapers), was the mark of his handiwork. "By order of the Committee. N. N." A corner of the curtain lifted to strike the imagination of the gaping world. He was said to have been innumerable times in and out of Russia, the Necator of bureaucrats, of provincial governors, of obscure informers. He lived between whiles, Razumov had heard, on the shores of the Lake of Como, with a charming wife devoted to the cause, and two young children. But how that creature so grotesque as to set all the town dogs barking at its mere sight could go about on those deadly errands and slip through the meshes of the police!

"What now, what now?" the voice squeaked. "I am only sincere. It's not denied that the other was the originator, the leading spirit. Well, it would have been better if he had been the one spared to us. More useful. I am not a sentimentalist. Say what I think . . . only natural."

Squeak, squeak, squeak without a gesture, without a stir—the horrible squeaked burlesque of professional jealousy—this man of a sinister alliterative nickname, this executioner of revolutionary verdicts, the terrifying "N.N." exasperated like a fashionable tenor by the attention attracted to the performance of an obscure amateur. Sofia Antonovna shrugged her shoulders. The comrade with the martial red mustache hurried toward Razumov full of conciliatory intentions in his strong, buzzing voice.

"Devil take it! And in this place, too, in the public street, so to speak. But you can see yourself how it is. One of his fantastic sallies. Absolutely of no consequence."

"Pray don't concern yourself," cried Razumov, going off into a long fit of laughter. "Don't mention it."

The other—his hectic flush crimson like a pair of burns on his cheek-

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bones—stared for a moment and suddenly burst out laughing, too. Razumov, whose hilarity died out all at once, made a step forward.

"Enough of this," he began in a clear, incisive voice, though he had discovered that he could hardly control the trembling of his legs. "I will have no more of it. I shall not permit any one. . . . I can see very well what you are at with those allusions. . . . Inquire, investigate! I defy you, but I will not be played with."

He had heard these words before. He had been driven to cry them out in the face of other suspicions. It was an infernal cycle bringing round that protest like a fatal necessity of his existence. But it was no use. He would be always played with. Luckily life does not last forever.

"I won't have it," he shouted, striking his fist into the palm of his other hand.

"Kirylo Sidorovitch—what has come to you?" The woman revolutionist interfered with authority. They were all looking at Razumov now, each as this fierce outburst had found them in a scattered group; only the slayer of spies and gendarmes had turned about, presenting his enormous stomach in full like a shield.

"Don't shout. There are people passing." Sofia Antonovna was apprehensive of another outburst. A steam-launch from Monrepos side had come to the landing-stage across the road, and, its hoarse whistle and the churning noise alongside all unnoticed, had landed a small bunch of local passengers who were dispersing their several ways. Only a specimen of early tourist in knickerbockers, conspicuous by a brand-new yellow leather glass-case, hung about for a moment, scenting something unusual about these four people within the rusty iron gates of what looked the grounds run wild of an unoccupied private house. Ah! if he had only known what the chance of commonplace traveling had suddenly put in his way! But he was a well-bred person; he averted his gaze and moved off with short steps along the side alley, on the watch for a tram-car.

A gesture from Sofia Antonovna, "Leave him to me," had sent the two men away, the buzzing of the inarticulate voice growing fainter and fainter, and the thin pipe of "What now! What now!" reduced to the proportions of a squeaking toy by the distance. They had left him to her. So many things could be left safely to the experience of Sofia Antonovna. And at once her black eyes turned to Razumov; her mind tried to get at the heart of that outburst. It had some meaning. No one is born an active revolutionist. The change comes disturbingly with the force of a sudden vocation, bringing in its train the agonizing doubts of a renegade and the assertive violences of a convert, an unstable state of the soul, till the final appeasement in a perfect fierceness of conviction. She had seen—often had only divined—scores of these young men and young women going through an emotional crisis. This young man looked like a moody egotist. And, besides, it was a special—a unique case. There was something cautious in the tone of her warning speech.

"Take care, Razumov, my good friend. If you carry on like this you will go mad. You are angry with everybody and bitter with yourself and on the lookout for something to torment yourself with. . . ."

"It's intolerable!" Razumov could only speak in gasps. "You must admit that I can have no illusions on the attitude . . . which . . . it isn't clear . . . or rather . . . only too clear."

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Here his voice failed him altogether, and he made a gesture of despair. For it was not his courage that failed him. The choking fumes of falsehood had taken him by the throat—the thoughts of being condemned to struggle on and on in that tainted atmosphere without the hope of ever renewing his strength by a breath of fresh air.

"A glass of cold water is what you want." Sofia Antonovna glanced up the grounds at the house and shook her head, then out of the gate at the brimful placidity of the lake. With a half-comical shrug of the shoulders she gave the remedy up in the face of that abundance.

"It is you, my dear soul, who are flinging yourself at something which does not exist. What is it? Self-reproach—or what? It's absurd. You couldn't have gone and given yourself up because he was taken."

She spoke reasonably, at some length, too. Razumov had nothing to complain of in his reception. Everybody was discussed more or less. Everybody had to be thoroughly understood before being accepted. No one that she could remember had been shown from the first so much confidence. Soon, very soon, perhaps sooner than he expected, he would be given an opportunity to show his devotion to the sacred task of crushing the infamy.

Razumov, listening quietly, thought: "It may be that she is trying to lull my suspicions to sleep. On the other hand, it's obvious that most of them are fools." He moved aside a couple of paces and, folding his arms on his breast, leaned back against the stone pillar of the gate.

"As to what remains obscure in the fate of that poor Haldin . . ." Sophia Antonovna dropped into a slowness of utterance which was to Razumov like the falling of molten lead drop by drop. "As to that—though no one ever hinted that either from fear or neglect your conduct has not been what it should have been—well, I have a bit of intelligence. . . ."

Razumov could not prevent himself from raising his head, and Sofia Antonovna nodded slightly.

"I have. You remember that letter from Petersburg?"

"The letter? Perfectly. Some busybody has been reporting my conduct on a certain day. It's rather sickening. I suppose our police is greatly edified when they open these interesting and—and—superfluous letters."

"Oh, dear, no! The police does not get hold of our letters so easily as you imagine. As to the letter in question, that did not leave Petersburg till the ice broke up. It went by the first English steamer which left the Neva this spring. They have a fireman on board—one of us, in fact. It has reached me from Hull. . . ."

She paused as if she were surprised at the sullen fixity of Razumov's gaze, but went on at once and much faster.

"We have some of our people there who . . . but never mind. The writer of the letter relates an incident which he thinks may possibly be connected with Haldin's arrest. I was just going to tell you when those two men came along."

"That also was an incident," muttered Razumov, "of a very charming kind—for me."

"Leave off that," cried Sofia Antonovna. "Nobody cares for Nikita's barking. There's no malice in him. Listen to what I have to say. You may be able to throw a light. There was in Petersburg a sort of town peasant—a man who owned horses. He came to town years ago to work for some relation as a driver and ended by owning a cab or two. . . ."

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She might well have spared herself the slight effort of the gesture. "Wait! . . ." Razumov could not have interrupted her now, not to save his life. The slight contraction of his facial muscles had been involuntary, a mere surface stir, leaving him sullenly attentive as before.

"He was not a quite ordinary man of his class—it seems. The people of the house—my informant talked with many of them—you know, one of those enormous houses of shame and misery. . . ." Sophia Antonovna need not have enlarged on the character of the house. Razumov saw clearly towering at her back a dark mass of masonry veiled in snow-flakes with the long row of windows of the eating-shop shining greasily very near the ground. The ghost of that night pursued him. He stood up to it with rage and with weariness.

"Did the late Haldin ever by chance speak to you of that house?" Sofia Antonovna was anxious to know.

"Yes." Razumov, making that answer, wondered whether he were falling into a trap. It was so humiliating to lie to these people that he probably could not have said "No." "He mentioned to me once," he added, as if making an effort of memory, "a house of that sort. He used to visit some workmen there."

"Exactly."

Sofia Antonovna triumphed. Her correspondent had discovered that fact quite accidentally through the talk of the people of the house, having made friends with a workman who occupied a room there. They described Haldin's appearance perfectly. He brought comforting words of hope into their misery. He came irregularly, but he came very often; and—her correspondent wrote—sometimes he spent a night in the house, sleeping, they thought, in a stable which opened upon the inner yard.

"Note that, Razumov! In a stable."

Razumov had listened with a sort of ferocious, but amused acquiescence.

"Yes; in the straw. It was probably the cleanest spot in the whole house."

"No doubt," assented the woman, with that deep frown which seemed to draw closer together her black eyes in a sinister fashion. No four-footed beast could stand the filth and wretchedness so many human beings were condemned to suffer from in Russia. The point of this discovery was that it proved Haldin to have been familiar with that horse-owning peasant—a reckless, independent, free-living fellow not much liked by the other inhabitants of the house. He was believed to have been the associate of a band of house-breakers. Some of these got captured. Not while he was driving them, however; but still there was a suspicion against the fellow of having given a hint to the police and . . .

The woman revolutionist checked herself suddenly.

"And you? Have you ever heard your friend refer to a certain Ziemianitch?"

Razumov was ready for the name. He had been looking out for the question. "When it comes I shall own up," he had said to himself. But he took his time.

"To be sure!" he began, slowly. "Ziemianitch, a peasant owning a team of horses. Yes. On one occasion. Ziemianitch! Certainly! Ziemianitch of the horses. . . . How could it have slipped my memory like this? One of the last conversations we had together."

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"That means"—Sofia Antonovna looked very grave—"that means, Razumov, it was very shortly before—eh?"

"Before what?" shouted Razumov, advancing at the woman, who looked astonished, but stood her ground. "Before— Oh! Of course it was before! How could it have been after? Only a few hours before."

"And favorably?"

"With enthusiasm! The horses of Ziemianitch! The free soul of Ziemianitch."

Razumov took a savage delight in the loud utterance of that name which had never before crossed his lips audibly. He fixed his blazing eyes on the woman till at last her fascinated expression recalled him to himself.

"The late Haldin," he said, holding himself in, with downcast eyes, "was inclined to take sudden fancies to people on—what shall I say—insufficient grounds."

"There!" Sofia Antonovna clapped her hands. "That to my mind settles it. The suspicions of my correspondent were aroused . . ."

"Aha! Your correspondent," Razumov said in an almost openly mocking tone. "What suspicions? How aroused? By this Ziemianitch. Probably some drunken, gabbling, plausible . . ."

"You talk as if you had known him."

Razumov looked up.

"No; but I knew Haldin."

Sofia Antonovna nodded gravely.

"I see. Every word you say confirms to my mind the suspicion communicated to me in that very interesting letter. This Ziemianitch was found one morning hanging from a hook in the stable."

Razumov felt a profound trouble. It was visible, because Sofia Antonovna was moved to observe vivaciously:

"Aha! You begin to see."

He saw it clearly enough—in the light of a lantern casting spokes of shadow in a cellar-like stable, the body in a sheep-skin coat and long boots hanging against the wall. A pointed hood, with the ends wound about up to the eyes, hid the face. "But that does not concern me," he reflected. "It does not affect my position at all. He never knew who had thrashed him. He could not have known." Razumov felt sorry for the old lover of the bottle and women.

"Yes, some of them end like that," he muttered. "What is your idea, Sofia Antonovna?"

It was the idea of her correspondent. Sophia Antonovna had adopted it fully. She stated it in one word—"Remorse." Razumov opened his eyes very wide at that. Sofia Antonovna's informant, by listening to the talk of the house, by putting this and that together, had managed to come very near to the truth of Haldin's relation to Ziemianitch.

"It is I who can tell you what you were not certain of—that your friend had some plan for saving himself afterward, for getting out of Petersburg, at any rate. Perhaps that and no more, trusting to luck for the rest. And that fellow's horses were part of the plan."

"They have actually got at the truth," Razumov marveled to himself while he nodded judicially. "Yes, that's possible, very possible." But the woman revolutionist was very positive. First of all, a conversation about horses between Haldin and Ziemianitch had been partly overheard.

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Then there were the suspicions of the people in the house when their "young gentleman" (they did not know Haldin by his name) ceased to call at the house. Some of them used to charge Ziemianitch with knowing something of it. He denied it with exasperation; but the fact was that ever since Haldin's disappearance he was not himself, growing moody and thin. Finally during a quarrel with some woman (to whom he was making up), in which most of the inmates of the house were mixed up, apparently, he was openly abused by his chief enemy, an athletic peddler, for having driven "our young gentleman to Siberia, the same as you did those young fellows who broke into houses." It seems there was a fight in the end, and Ziemianitch got flung down a flight of stairs. Thereupon he drank and moped for a week and then hanged himself.

Sofia Antonovna drew her conclusions from the tale. Either drunken indiscretion as to a driving job on a certain date—overheard by some spy in some low grog-shop—perhaps in the very eating-shop on the ground floor of the house—or, who knows, just a downright denunciation—then remorse. A man like that would be capable of anything. People said he was a flighty old chap. And if he had been once before mixed up with the police—as seemed certain, though he always denied it—in connection with these thieves, he would be sure to be acquainted with some police underlings, always on the lookout for something to report. Possibly at first his tale was not made anything of till the day that scoundrel de P—— got his deserts. Ah! But then every bit and scrap of hint and information would be acted on, and fatally they were bound to get Haldin.

Sofia Antonovna spread out her hands—"Fatally."

Fatality—chance! Razumov meditated in silent astonishment upon the queer verisimilitude of these inferences. They were obviously to his advantage.

"It is right now to make this conclusive evidence known generally." Sofia Antonovna was very calm and deliberate again. She had received the letter three days ago, but did not write at once to Peter Ivanovitch. She knew then that she would have the opportunity presently of meeting several men of action assembled for an important purpose.

"I thought it would be more effective like that. I could show the letter itself at large. I have it in my pocket now. You understand how pleased I was to come upon you."

Razumov was saying to himself: "She won't offer to show the letter to me. Not likely. Has she told me everything that correspondent of hers has found out? . . ." He would have liked to see the letter, but he felt he must not ask.

"Tell me, please, was this an investigation ordered, as it were? . . ."

"No, no," she protested. "There you are again with your sensitiveness. It makes you stupid. Don't you see there was no starting-point for an investigation even if any one had thought of it? A perfect blank! That's exactly what some people were pointing out as the reason for receiving you cautiously. It was all perfectly accidental, arising from my informant striking an acquaintance with an intelligent skin-dresser lodging in that particular slum-house. A wonderful coincidence!"

"A pious person," suggested Razumov, with a pale smile, "would say that the hand of God has done it all."

"My poor father would have said that." Sofia Antonovna did not

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smile. She dropped her eyes. "Not that his God ever helped him. It's a long time since God has done anything for the people. Anyway, it's done."

"All this would be quite final," said Razumov, with every appearance of reflective impartiality, "if there was any certitude that the 'our young gentleman' of these people was Victor Haldin. Have we got that?"

"Yes. There's no mistake. My correspondent was as familiar with Haldin's personal appearance as with your own," the woman affirmed, decisively.

"It's the red-nosed fellow beyond a doubt," Razumov said to himself, with reawakened uneasiness. Had his own visit to that accursed house passed unnoticed? It was barely possible. Yet it was hardly probable. It was just the right sort of food for the popular gossip that gaunt busybody had been picking up. But the letter did not seem to contain any allusion to that. Unless she had suppressed it. And if so — why? If it had really escaped the prying of that hunger-stricken democrat with a confounded genius for recognizing people from description, it could be only for a time. He would come upon it presently and hasten to write another letter—and then!

For all the envenomed recklessness of his temper, fed on hate and disdain, Razumov shuddered inwardly. It guarded him from common fear, but it could not defend him from disgust at being dealt with in any way by these people. It was a sort of superstitious dread. Now, since his position had been made more secure by their own folly at the cost of Ziemianitch, he felt the need of perfect safety, with its freedom from direct lying, with its power of moving amongst them silent, unquestioning, listening, impenetrable, like the very fate of their crimes and their folly. Was this advantage his already? Or not yet? Or never would be?

"Well, Sofia Antonovna"—his air of reluctant concession was genuine in so far that he was really loath to part with her without testing her sincerity by a question it was impossible to bring about in any way—"well, Sofia Antonovna, if that is so, then . . ."

"The creature has done justice to himself," the woman observed, as if thinking aloud.

"What? Ah, yes! Remorse," Razumov muttered, with equivocal contempt.

"Don't be harsh, Kirylo Sidorovitch, if you have lost a friend." There was no hint of softness in her tone, only the black glitter of her eyes seemed detached for an instant from vengeful visions. "He was a man of the people. The simple Russian soul is never wholly penitent. It's something to know that."

"Consoling?" insinuated Razumov in a tone of inquiry.

"Don't rail," she checked him, sharply. "Remember, Razumov, that women, children, and revolutionists hate irony, which is the negation of all saving instincts, of all faith, of all devotion, of all action. Don't rail! Don't . . . I don't know how it is, but there are moments when you are abhorrent to me. . . ."

She averted her face. A languid silence, as if all the electricity of the situation had been discharged in this flash of passion, lasted for some time. Razumov had not flinched. Suddenly she laid the tips of her fingers on his sleeve.

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"Don't mind."

"I don't mind," he said, very quietly.

He was proud to feel that she could read nothing on his face. He was really mollified, relieved, if only for a moment, from an obscure oppression. And suddenly he asked himself: "Why the devil did I go to that house? It was an imbecile thing to do."

A profound disgust came over him. Sofia Antonovna lingered, talking in a friendly manner with an evident conciliatory intention. And it was still about the famous letter, referring to various minute details given by her informant. That last had never seen Ziemianitch. The "victim of remorse" had been buried several weeks before her correspondent began frequenting the house. It—the house—contained very good revolutionary material. The spirit of the heroic Haldin had passed through these dens of black misery with a promise of universal redemption from all the miseries that oppress mankind. Razumov listened without hearing, gnawed by the new-born desire of safety with its dependence from that degrading method of direct lying which at times he found it almost impossible to practise.

No; the point he wanted to hear about could never come into this conversation. There was no way of bringing it forward. He regretted not having composed a perfect story, for use abroad, in which his fatal connection with the house might have been owned up to. But he did not know then that Ziemianitch had hanged himself. And, anyway, who could have foreseen this woman's "informant" stumbling upon that particular slum, of all the slums awaiting destruction in the purifying flame of social revolution? Who could have foreseen? Nobody! "It's a perfectly diabolic surprise," thought Razumov, calm-faced in his attitude of inscrutable superiority nodding assent to Sofia Antonovna's remarks upon the psychology of the "people." "Oh yes"—"certainly"—rather coldly, but with a nervous longing in his fingers to tear some sort of confession out of her throat.

Then, at the very last, on the point of separating, the feeling of relaxed tension already upon him, he heard Sofia Antonovna allude to the subject of his uneasiness. How it came about he could only guess, his mind being absent at the moment, but it must have sprung from Sofia Antonovna's complaint about the illogical absurdity of the people. For instance, that Ziemianitch was looked upon as notoriously irreligious, and yet in the last weeks of his life he suffered from the notion that he had been beaten by the devil.

"The devil," repeated Razumov, as though he had not heard aright.

"The actual devil. The devil in person. You may well look astonished, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Early on the very night poor Haldin was taken, a complete stranger turned up and gave Ziemianitch a most fearful thrashing while he was lying dead drunk in the stable. He was barely able to crawl about for the next few days. The wretched creature's body was one mass of bruises. He showed it to the people in the house."

"But you, Sofia Antonovna, you don't believe in the actual devil?"

"Do you?" retorted the woman, curtly. "Not but that there are plenty of men worse than devils to make a hell of this earth," she muttered to herself.

Razumov watched her, vigorous and white-haired, with the deep fold

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between her thin eyebrows and her black glance turned idly away. It was obvious that she did not make much of the story—unless, indeed, this was the perfection of duplicity. . . . "A dark young man," she explained further. "Never seen there before, never seen afterward. Why are you smiling, Razumov?"

"At the devil being still younger after all these ages," he answered, composedly. "But who was able to describe him, since the victim, you say, was dead drunk at the time?"

"Oh, the eating-house keeper has described him. An overbearing, swarthy young man in a student's cloak, who came rushing in, demanded Ziemianitch, beat him furiously, and rushed away without a word, leaving the eating-house keeper paralyzed with astonishment."

"Does he, too, believe it was the devil?"

"That I can't say. I am told he's very reserved on the matter. Those sellers of spirits are great scoundrels generally. I should think he knows more of it than anybody."

"Well, and you, Sofia Antonovna, what's your theory?" asked Razumov in a tone of great interest. "Yours and your informant's, who is on the spot."

"I agree with him. Some police hound in disguise. Who else would beat a helpless man so unmercifully? As for the rest, if they were out that day on every trail, old and new, it is probable enough that they might have thought it just as well to have Ziemianitch at hand for more information, or for identification, or what not. Some scoundrelly detective was sent to fetch him along, and, being vexed at finding him so drunk, broke a stable-fork over his ribs. Later on, after they had the big game safe in the net, they troubled their heads no more about that peasant."

Such were the last words of the woman revolutionist in this conversation, keeping so close to the truth, departing from it so far in the verisimilitude of thoughts and conclusions as to give one the notion of the invincible nature of human error, a glimpse into the utmost depths of self-deception. Razumov, after shaking hands with Sofia Antonovna, left the grounds, crossed the road, and, walking out on the little steamboat pier, leaned over the rail.

His mind was at ease, such as he had not known for many days, ever since that night . . . the night. The conversation with the woman revolutionist, taking that unexpected turn, had given him the view of his danger at the very moment this danger vanished characteristically enough. "I ought to have foreseen the doubts that would arise in those people's minds," he thought. Then his attention being attracted by a stone of peculiar shape which he could see clearly lying at the bottom, he began to speculate as to the depth of water in that spot. But very soon, with a start of wonder at this extraordinary instance of ill-timed detachment, he returned to his train of thought. "I ought to have told very circumstantial lies from the first," he said to himself, with a mortal distaste of the mere idea which silenced his mental utterance for quite a perceptible interval. "Luckily that's all right now," he reflected, and after a time spoke to himself half aloud, "Thanks to the devil," and laughed a little.

The end of Ziemianitch then arrested his wandering thoughts. He was not exactly amused at the interpretation, but he could not help detecting in it a certain piquancy. He owned to himself that, had he known of that

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suicide before leaving Russia, he would have been incapable of making such excellent use of it for his own purposes. He should have felt infinitely obliged to the fellow with the red nose for his patience and ingenuity. "A wonderful psychologist apparently," he said to himself, sarcastically. Remorse, indeed! It was a striking example of your true conspirator's blindness, of the stupid subtlety of people with one idea. This was a drama of love, not of conscience, Razumov continued to himself, mockingly. A woman the old fellow was making up to! A robust peddler, clearly a rival, throwing him down a flight of stairs. . . . And at sixty, for a lifelong lover, it was not an easy matter to get over. That was a feminist of a different stamp from Peter Ivanovitch. Even the comfort of the bottle might conceivably fail him in this supreme crisis. At such an age nothing but a halter could cure the pangs of an unquenchable passion. And, besides, there was the wild exasperation aroused by the unjust aspersions and the contumely of the house, with the maddening impossibility to account for that mysterious thrashing added to these simple and bitter sorrows. "Devil, eh?" Razumov exclaimed, with mental excitement as if he had made an interesting discovery. "Ziemianitch ended by *falling into mysticism. So many of our true Russian souls end in that* way! Very characteristic." He felt pity for Ziemianitch, a large, neutral pity, such as one may feel for an unconscious multitude, a great people seen from above like a community of crawling ants working out its destiny. It was as if this Ziemianitch could not possibly have done anything else. And Sofia Antonovna's cock-sure and contemptuous "some police hound" was characteristically Russian in another way. But there was no tragedy there. This was no drama of revolt and repression, but a comedy of errors. It was as if the devil himself were playing a game with all of them in turn. First with him, then with Ziemianitch, then with those revolutionists. For obviously Sofia Antonovna could not have said anything else. The devil's own game this . . . He interrupted his earnest mental soliloquy with a jocular thought at his own expense. "Here I am falling into mysticism, too."

His mind was more at ease than ever. Turning about, he put his back against the rail comfortably. "All this fits with marvelous aptness," he continued to think. "The brilliance of my reputed exploit is no longer darkened by the fate of my supposed colleague. The mystic Ziemianitch accounts for that. An incredible chance has served me. No more need of lies. I shall have only to listen and to keep my scorn from getting the upper hand of my caution."

He sighed, folded his arms, his chin dropped on his breast, and it was a long time before he started forward from that pose, with the idea that he had made up his mind to do something that day. What it was he could not immediately recall; yet he made no effort of memory, for he was uneasily certain that he would remember presently.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards toward the town when he slowed down, almost faltered in his walk, at the sight of a figure walking in the contrary direction draped in a cloak under a soft, broad-brimmed hat, picturesque but diminutive, as if seen through the big end of an opera-glass. It was impossible to avoid that man, for there was no issue for retreat.

"Another one going to that mysterious meeting," thought Razumov.

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He was right in his surmise—only *this* one, unlike the others who came from a distance, was known to him personally. Still, he hoped to pass on with a mere bow, but it was impossible to ignore the little, thin hand, with hairy wrist and knuckles protruded, in a friendly wave from under the folds of the cloak worn Spanish-wise in disregard of a fairly warm day, a corner flung over the shoulder.

"And how is Herr Razumov?" sounded the greeting in German, by that alone made more odious to the object of the affable recognition. At closer quarters the diminutive personage looked like a reduction of an ordinary-sized man, with a lofty brow bared for a moment by the raising of the hat, the great pepper-and-salt full beard spread over the proportionally broad chest. A fine, bold nose jutted over a thin mouth hidden in the mass of fine hair. All this—accented features, strong limbs in their relative smallness—appeared delicate without the slightest sign of debility. The eyes alone, almond-shaped and brown, were too big and as if misty, with the whites slightly bloodshot by too much pen labor under a lamp. The obscure celebrity of the tiny man was well known to Razumov. Polyglot, of unknown parentage, of indefinite nationality, anarchist with a pedantic and ferocious temperament, and an amazingly inflammatory turn for invective, he was a power in the background, this violent pamphleteer, clamoring for revolutionary justice, this Julius Laspara, editor of the *Living Word*, confidant of conspirators, indicted of sanguinary menaces and manifestoes, suspected of being in the secret of every plot. Laspara lived in the old town, in a somber, narrow house left him by some naïve middle-class admirer of his humanitarian eloquence. His two daughters overtopped him head and shoulders; and a pasty-faced, lean boy of six, languishing in the dark rooms in blue cotton overalls and clumsy boots, might have belonged to either one of them or to neither. No stranger could tell. Julius Laspara, no doubt, knew which of his girls it was who, after casually vanishing for a few years, had as casually returned to him possessed of that child; but with admirable pedantry he had refrained from asking her for details; no, not so much as the name of the father, because maternity should be an anarchist function. Razumov had been admitted twice to that suite of several small dark rooms on the top floor, dusty window-panes, litter of all sorts of sweepings all over the place, half-full glasses of tea forgotten on every table, the two Laspara daughters prowling about enigmatically silent, misty-eyed like the father, corsetless, and generally in their want of shape and the disorder of their rumpled attire resembling old dolls, the great but obscure Julius, his feet twisted round his three-legged stool, always ready to receive the visitors, the pen instantly dropped, the body screwed round with a striking display of the lofty brow and of the great, austere beard. When he got down from his stool, it was as though he had descended from the heights of Olympus. He became dwarfed by his daughters, by the furniture, by any caller of ordinary stature. But he very seldom left it, and still more rarely was seen walking abroad in broad daylight.

It must have been some matter of serious importance which had driven him out in that direction that afternoon. Evidently he wished to be amiable to that young man whose arrival had made some sensation in the world of political refugees. In Russian now, which he spoke as he spoke and wrote in four or five other European languages without distinction

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and without force (other than that of sustained invective), he inquired if Razumov had taken his inscriptions at the university as yet.

And the young man, shaking his head negatively: "There's plenty of time for that. But meantime are you not going to write something for us?"

He could not understand how any one could refrain from writing on anything—social, economic, historical—anything. Any subject could be treated in the right spirit and for the ends of social revolution. And, as it happened, a friend of his in London had got in touch with a review of advanced ideas. . . . "We must educate, educate everybody—develop the great thought of absolute liberty and of revolutionary justice."

Razumov muttered rather surlily that he did not even know English.

"Write in Russian. We'll have it translated. There can be no difficulty. Why, without seeking further, there is Miss Haldin. My daughters go to see her sometimes. You know the sister. . . ." He nodded significantly. "She does nothing—has never done anything in her life. She would be quite competent with a little assistance. Only write. You know you must. And so good-by for the present."

He raised his arm and went on. Razumov backed against the low wall, looked after him, spat violently, and went on his way with an angry mutter, "Cursed Jew!"

He did not know anything about it. Julius Laspara might have been a Transylvanian, a Turk, an Andalusian, or a citizen of one of the Hanse towns, for anything he could tell to the contrary. But this is not a story of the West, and this exclamation must be recorded accompanied by the comment that it was merely an expression of hate and contempt, best adapted to the nature of the feelings Razumov suffered from at the time. He was boiling with rage as though he had been grossly insulted. He walked as if blind, following instinctively the shore of the diminutive harbor along the quay, through a prettily dull garden where dull people sat on chairs under the trees, till, his fury abandoning him, he discovered himself in the middle of a long, broad bridge. He slowed down at once; to his right, beyond the toy-like jetties, he saw the green slopes framing the Petit Lac in all the marvelous banality of the picturesque made of painted cardboard, with the more distant stretch of water inanimate and shining like a piece of tin.

He turned his head away from that view for the tourists and walked on slowly, his eyes fixed on the ground. One or two persons had to get out of his way, and then turned round to give a surprised stare to his profound absorption. The insistence of the celebrated subversive journalist rankled in his mind strangely. Write. Must write! He! Write! A sudden light flashed upon him. To write was the very thing he had made up his mind to do that day. He had made up his mind irrevocably to that step and then had forgotten all about it. That incorrigible tendency to escape from the grip of the situation was fraught with serious danger. He was ready to despise himself for it. What was it? Levity or deep-seated weakness? Or an unconscious dread? . . .

"Is it that I am shrinking? . . . It can't be! It's impossible! To shrink now would be worse than moral suicide—it would be nothing less than moral damnation," he thought. "Is it possible that I have a conventional conscience?"

He rejected that hypothesis with scorn, and, checked on the edge of the

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pavement, made ready to cross the road and proceed up the wide street facing the head of the bridge; and that for no other reason except that it was there before him. But at the moment a couple of carriages and a slow-moving cart interposed, and suddenly he turned sharp to the left, following the quay again, but now away from the lake.

"It may be just my health," he thought, allowing himself a very unusual doubt of his soundness, for, with the exception of a childish ailment or two, he had never been ill in his life. But that was a danger, too. Only it seemed as though he were being looked after in a specially remarkable way. "If I believed in an active Providence," Razumov said to himself, amused grimly, "I would see here the working of an ironical finger. To have a Julius Laspara put in my way as if expressly to remind me of my purpose is . . . Write, he had said. I must write. I must, indeed! I shall write—never fear. Certainly. That's what I am here for. And for the future I shall have something to write about."

He was exciting himself by this mental soliloquy. But the idea of writing evoked the thought of a place to write in, of shelter, of privacy, and naturally of his lodgings, mingled with a distaste for the necessary exertion of getting there, with a mistrust as of some hostile influence awaiting him within those odious four walls.

"Suppose one of them," he asked himself, "were to take a fancy to call on me while I am writing?" The mere prospect of such an interruption made him shudder. One could lock one's door, or ask the tobacconist down-stairs (some sort of a refugee himself) to tell inquirers that one was not in. Not very good precautions, those. The manner of his life, he felt, must be kept clear of every cause for suspicion or even occasion for wonder down to such trifling occurrences as a delay in opening a locked door. "I wish I were in the middle of some field miles away from everywhere," he thought.

He had unconsciously turned to the left once more, and now was aware of being on a bridge again. This one was much narrower than the other, and instead of being straight made a sort of elbow or angle. At the point of that angle a short arm joined it to a hexagonal islet with a soil of gravel, and its shores faced with dressed stone, a perfection of puerile neatness. A couple of tall poplars and a few other trees stood grouped on the clean, dark gravel, and under them a few garden benches and a bronze effigy of Jean Jacques Rousseau seated on its pedestal.

On setting his foot on it, Razumov became aware that, except for the woman in charge of the refreshment chalet, there was no one on the island. There was something of naïve, odious, and inane simplicity about that unfrequented tiny crumb of earth named after Jean Jacques Rousseau. Something pretentious and shabby, too. He asked for a glass of milk, which he drank, standing, at one draught (nothing but tea had passed his lips since the morning), and was going away with a heavy, lagging step when a thought stopped him short. He had found precisely what he needed. If solitude could ever be secured in the open air in the middle of a town he would have it there on this absurd island, together with the faculty of watching the only approach.

He went back heavily to a garden-seat, and dropped into it. This was the place for making a beginning of that writing which had to be done. The materials he had on him. "I shall always come here," he said to

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himself, and afterward sat for quite a long time motionless, without thought and sight and hearing, almost without life. He sat long enough for the declining sun to dip behind the roofs of the town at his back and throw the shadow of the houses on the lake front over the islet. He pulled out of his pocket a fountain-pen, opened a small note-book on his knee, and began to write quickly, raising his eyes every moment at the connecting arm of the bridge. These glances were needless, the people crossing over in the distance seemed unwilling even to look at the islet where the exiled effigy of the author of the *Social Contract* towered above the bowed head of Razumov in the somber immobility of bronze. After finishing his scribbling, Razumov, with a sort of feverish haste, put away the pen, then rammed the note-book into his pocket, first tearing out the written pages with an almost convulsive brusqueness. But the folding of the flimsy batch in half on his knee was executed with thoughtful nicety. That done, he leaned back in his seat and remained motionless, with the papers crushed in his left hand. The twilight had come before he got up and began to pace to and fro slowly under the trees.

"There can be no doubt that now I am safe," he thought. His fine ear could detect the faintly accentuated murmurs of the current breaking against the point of the island, and he forgot himself in listening to them with interest. But even to his acute sense of hearing the sound was too elusive.

"Extraordinary occupation I am giving myself up to," he murmured. And it occurred to him that that was about the only sound he could listen to innocently and for his own pleasure, as it were. Yes, the sound of water, the voice of the wind—completely foreign to human passions. All the other sounds of this earth brought contamination to the solitude of a soul.

That was Mr. Razumov's feeling, the soul, of course, being his own, and the word being used not in the theological sense, but standing, as far as I can understand it, for that part of Mr. Razumov which was not his body, and more specially in danger from the fires of this earth. It is well known that the way of salvation is hard, darkened by the shades of error, and made lonely to an independent traveler. Even those who travel in guided troops and organized caravans are not spared the terrors of isolation. And it must be admitted that in Mr. Razumov's case the bitterness of solitude from which he suffered was not an altogether morbid phenomenon.

CHAPTER XIII

That I should mention again here that Mr. Razumov's youth had no one in the world, as literally no one as it can be honestly affirmed of any human being, it is but a statement of fact from a man who believes in the psychological value of facts. There is also there, perhaps, a desire of punctilious fairness. Unidentified with any one in this narrative where both the aspects of honor and shame are remote from the ideas of the Western world, and taking my stand on the ground of common humanity, it is perhaps for that very reason that I feel a strange reluctance to state baldly here what every reader has most likely already discovered for himself. Such reluctance may appear absurd if it were not for the thought that from the imperfection of language there is always something un-

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gracious and even disgraceful in the exhibition of naked truth. But the time has come when Councilor-of-State Mikulin can no longer be ignored. His simple question "Where to?" on which we left Mr. Razumov in St. Petersburg, throws a light on the general meaning of this individual case.

"Where to?" was his answer in the form of a gentle question to Mr. Razumov's independent declaration that he was going away. The question was not menacing in the least, and, indeed, had the ring of innocent inquiry. Had it been taken in a merely topographical sense, the only answer to it would have appeared sufficiently appalling to Mr. Razumov. Where to? Back to his rooms, where the revolution had sought him out to put to a sudden test his dormant instincts, his half-conscious thoughts and almost wholly unconscious ambitions, by the touch as of some furious and dogmatic religion with its call to frantic sacrifices, its tender resignations, its dreams and hopes uplifting the soul, by the side of the most somber moods of despair. And Mr. Razumov had let go the door-handle and had come back to the middle of the room, asking, angrily, "What do you mean by it?"

As far as I can tell, Councilor Mikulin did not answer that question. He drew Mr. Razumov into familiar conversation. It is the peculiarity of Russian natures that, however strongly engaged in the drama of action, they are still turning their ear to the murmur of abstract ideas. This conversation (and others later on) need not be recorded. Suffice it to say that he brought Mr. Razumov as we know him to the test of another faith. There was nothing official in its expression, and Mr. Razumov was led to defend his attitude of detachment. But Councilor Mikulin would have none of his arguments. "For a man like you," were his last weighty words in the discussion, "such a position is impossible. Don't forget that I have seen that interesting piece of paper. I understand your liberalism. I have an intellect of that kind myself. All this is a question of method. But the principle of revolt is a physical intoxication, a sort of hysteria which must be kept away from the masses. You agree without reserve, don't you? Because, don't you see, Kirylo Sidorovitch, abstention, reserve, in certain situations come very near to political crime. The ancient Greeks understood that very well."

Mr. Razumov, listening with a faint smile, wondered whether this was not something in the nature of an unofficial warning. Suppressing his exasperation, he asked Councilor Mikulin point-blank if that meant he was going to have him watched.

The high official took an offense at the cynical inquiry.

"No, Kirylo Sidorovitch," he answered, gravely. "I don't mean to have you watched."

Razumov, suspecting that this was a lie, affected the greatest liberty of mind during the short remainder of that interview. The older man expressed himself throughout in familiar terms and with a sort of shrewd simplicity. Razumov concluded that to get to the bottom of that mind was for him an impossible feat. A great disquiet made his heart beat quicker. The high official issuing from behind the desk was actually offering to shake hands with him.

"Good-by, Mr. Razumov. An understanding between intelligent men is always a satisfactory occurrence. Is it not? And, of course, these rebel gentlemen have not the monopoly of intelligence."

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"I presume that I shall not be wanted any more?" Razumov brought out that question while his hand was still being grasped. Councilor Mikulin released it slowly.

"That, Mr. Razumov," he said, with great earnestness, "is as it may be. God alone knows the future. But you may rest assured that I never thought of having you watched. You are a young man of great mental independence. Yes, you are going away free as air, but you shall end by coming back to us."

"I . . . I!" Razumov exclaimed in an appalled murmur of protest. "What for?" he added, feebly.

"Yes, you yourself, Kirylo Sidorovitch," the high police functionary insisted, in a low, severe tone of conviction. "You shall be coming back to us. Some of our greatest minds had to do that in the end."

"Our greatest minds?" repeated Razumov, in a dazed voice.

"Yes, indeed, our greatest minds. . . . Good-by."

Razumov, shown out of the room, walked away from the door. But before he got to the end of the passage he heard heavy footsteps and a voice behind his back calling upon him to stop. He turned his head and was startled to see Councilor Mikulin in person. The high functionary hurried up, very simple, slightly out of breath.

"One minute. As to what we were talking about just now it shall be as God wills it. But I *may have occasion to require you again.* You look surprised, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Yes, to clear up any further point that may turn up."

"But I don't know anything," stammered out Razumov. "I couldn't possibly know anything."

"Who can tell? Things are ordered in a wonderful manner. Who can tell what *may* become disclosed to you before this day is out? You have been already the instrument of Providence. You smile, Kirylo Sidorovitch; you are an *esprit fort.*" (Razumov was not conscious of having smiled.) "But I believe firmly in Providence. Such a confession on the lips of a man like me may sound to you funny. But you yourself, yet, some day . . . Or else what happened to you cannot be accounted for at all. Yes, decidedly I shall have occasion to see you again—but not here. This wouldn't be quite—h'm! . . . Some convenient place shall be made known to you. And even for the written communications between us in that respect or otherwise had better pass through the intermediary of our, if I may express myself so, mutual friend, Prince K——. Now I beg you, Kirylo Sidorovitch—don't. I am certain he'll consent. You must give me the credit of being aware of what I am saying. You have no better friend than Prince K——; and as to myself, it is a long time now since I've been honored by . . ."

He glanced down his beard.

"I won't detain you any longer. We shall certainly meet once more. It may be some little time, though, before we do. Till then may Heaven send you fruitful reflections! We live in difficult times, in times of monstrous chimeras and evil dreams and criminal follies."

Once in the street, Razumov started off rapidly without caring for the direction. At first he thought of nothing, but in a little while the consciousness of his position presented itself to him as something so ugly, dangerous, and absurd; the difficulty of ever freeing himself from the toils of that

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complication so insoluble that the idea of going back and, as he termed it to himself, *confessing* to Councilor Mikulin flashed through his mind.

Go back! What for? Confess! To what? "I have been speaking to him with the greatest openness," he said to himself, with perfect truth. "What else could I tell him? That I have undertaken to carry a message to that brute Ziemianitch? Establish a false complicity and destroy what chance of safety I have for nothing—what folly!"

Yet he could not defend himself from fancying that Councilor Mikulin was, perhaps, the only man in the world able to understand his conduct. To be understood appeared extremely fascinating.

On the way home he had to stop several times; all his strength seemed to run out of his limbs; and in the movement of the busy streets, isolated as if in a desert, he remained suddenly motionless for a minute or so before he could proceed on his way. He reached his rooms at last.

Then came an illness, something in the nature of a low fever, which all at once removed him to a great distance from the perplexing actualities, from his very room even. He never lost consciousness; he only seemed to himself to be existing languidly somewhere very far away from everything that had ever happened to him. He came out of this state slowly, with an effect, that is to say, of extreme slowness, though the actual number of days was not very great. And when he had got back into the middle of things, they were all changed subtly and provokingly in their nature; inanimate objects, human faces, the landlady, the rustic servant-girl, the staircase, the streets, the very air. He tackled these changed conditions in a spirit of severity. He walked to and fro to the university, ascended stairs, paced the passages, listened to lectures, took notes, crossed court-yards in a sort of angry aloofness, his teeth set hard till his jaws ached.

He was perfectly aware of madcap Kostia gazing like a young retriever from a distance, of the famished student with the red, drooping nose keeping scrupulously away as desired, of twenty others, perhaps, he knew well enough to speak to. And they all had an air of curiosity and concern as if they expected something to happen. "This can't last much longer," thought Razumov more than once. On certain days he was afraid that any one addressing him suddenly in a certain way would make him scream out insanely a lot of filthy abuse. Often, after returning home, he would drop into a chair in his cap and cloak, and remain still for hours holding some book he had got from the library in his hand; or he would pick up the little penknife and sit there scraping his nails endlessly and feeling furious all the time—simply furious. "This is impossible!" he would mutter suddenly to the empty room.

Fact to be noted: this room might conceivably have become physically repugnant to him, emotionally intolerable, morally uninhabitable. But, no. Nothing of the sort (and he had himself dreaded it at first), nothing of the sort happened. On the contrary, he liked his lodgings better than any other shelter he, who had never known a home, had ever hired before. He liked his lodgings so well that often, on that very account, he found a certain difficulty in making up his mind to go out. It resembled a physical seduction such as, for instance, makes a man reluctant to leave the neighborhood of a fire on a cold day.

For as at that time he seldom stirred except to go to the university (what else was there to do?), it followed that whenever he went abroad he felt

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himself at once closely involved in the moral consequences of his act. It was there that the dark prestige of the Haldin mystery fell on him, clung to him like a poisoned robe which it was impossible to fling off. He suffered from it exceedingly as well as from the conversational, commonplace, unavoidable intercourse with the other kind of students. "They must be wondering at the change in me," he reflected, anxiously. He had an uneasy notion of having savagely told one or two innocent, nice enough fellows to go to the devil. Once a married professor he used to call upon formerly addressed him in passing, "How is it we never see you at our Wednesdays now, Kirylo Sidorovitch?" Razumov was conscious of meeting this advance with odious, muttering boorishness. The professor was obviously too astonished to be offended. All this was bad. And all this was Haldin, always Haldin—nothing but Haldin—everywhere Haldin: a moral specter infinitely more effective than any visible apparition of the dead. It was only the room through which he had blundered on his way from crime to death that he did not seem to be able to haunt. Not, to be exact, that he was ever completely absent from it, but that he had no sort of power. There it was Mr. Razumov who had the upper hand, in a composed sense, of his own superiority. A vanquished phantom—nothing more. Often in the evening, his repaired watch faintly ticking on the table by the side of the lighted lamp, Razumov would look up from his writing and stare at the bed with an expectant, dispassionate attention. Nothing was ever to be seen there. He never really supposed that anything ever should be seen there. After a while he would shrug his shoulders slightly and bend again over his work. For he had gone to work and, at first, with some success. His unwillingness to leave that place where he was safe from Haldin grew so strong that at last he ceased to go out at all. From early morning till far into the night he wrote; he wrote for nearly a week, never looking at the time, and only throwing himself on the bed when he could keep his eyes open no longer. Then one afternoon, quite casually, he happened to glance at his watch. He laid down his pen slowly.

"At this very hour," was his thought, "the fellow stole unseen into this room while I was out. And there he sat quiet as a mouse—perhaps in this very chair."

Razumov got up and began to pace the floor, steadily glancing at the watch now and then. "This is the time when I returned and found him standing there against the stove," he observed to himself. When it grew dark he lit his lamp. Later on he interrupted his tramping once more, only to wave away angrily the girl who attempted to enter the room with tea and something to eat on a tray. And presently he noted the watch pointing at the hour of his own going forth into the falling snow on that terrible errand.

"Complicity," he muttered, faintly, and resumed his pacing, keeping his eye on the hands as they crept on slowly to the time of his return.

"And after all," he thought, suddenly, "I might have been the chosen instrument of Providence. It is a manner of speaking, but there may be truth in every manner of speaking. What if that absurd saying were true in its essence?"

He meditated for a while, then sat down, his legs stretched out, with stony eyes, and with his arms hanging down on each side of the chair, like a man totally abandoned by Providence, desolate.

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He noted the time of Haldin's departure and continued to sit still for another half-hour; then muttering, "And now—to work," drew up to the table, seized the pen, and instantly dropped it under the influence of a profoundly disquieting reflection. "There's three weeks gone by and no word from Mikulin."

What did it mean? Was he forgotten? Possibly. Then why not remain forgotten—creep in somewhere? Hide? But where? How? With whom? In what hole? And was it to be forever, or what?

But a retreat was big with shadowy dangers. The eye of the social revolution was on him, and Razumov for a moment felt an unnamed and despairing dread mingled with an odious sense of humiliation. Was it possible that he no longer belonged to himself? This was damnable. But why not simply keep on as before? Study. Advance. Work hard, as if nothing had happened (and first of all win that silver medal), acquire distinction, become a great reforming servant of the greatest of states. Servant, too, of the mightiest homogeneous mass of mankind with a capability of logical, guided development in a brotherly solidarity of force and aim such as the world had never dreamed of . . . The Russian nation . . .

Calm, resolved, steady in his great purpose, he was stretching his hand toward the pen when he happened to glance toward the bed. He rushed at it, enraged, with a mental scream, "It's you, crazy fanatic, who stands in the way!" He flung the pillow on the floor violently, tore the blankets aside . . . Nothing there. And, turning away, he caught for an instant, like a vivid detail in a dissolving view of two heads, the eyes of General T—— and of Privy Councilor Mikulin side by side fixed upon him, quite different in character, but with the same unflinching and weary and yet purposeful expression . . . "Servants of the nation!"

Razumov tottered to the washstand, very alarmed about himself, drank some water, and bathed his forehead. "This will pass and leave no trace," he thought, confidently. "I am all right." But as to supposing that he had been forgotten, it was perfect nonsense. He was a marked man on that side. And that was nothing. It was what that miserable phantom stood for that had to be got out of the way . . . "If one only could go and spit all out at some of them—and take the consequences."

He imagined himself accosting the red-nosed student and suddenly shaking his fist in his face. "From that one, though," he reflected, "there's nothing to be got because he has no mind of his own. He's living in a red democratic trance. Ah! you want to smash your way into universal happiness, my boy. I will give you universal happiness, you silly, hypnotized ghoul, you! And what about my own happiness, eh? Haven't I got any right to it just because I can think for myself? . . ."

And again, but with a different mental accent, Razumov said to himself: "I am young. Everything can be lived down." At that moment he was crossing the room slowly, intending to sit down on the sofa and try to compose his thoughts. But before he got so far everything abandoned him—hope, courage, belief in himself, trust in men. His heart had, as it were, suddenly emptied itself. It was no use struggling on. Rest, work, solitude, and the frankness of intercourse with his kind were alike forbidden to him. Everything was gone. His existence was a great, cold blank, something like the enormous plain of the whole of Russia leveled with snow and fading gradually on all sides into shadows and mist.

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He sat down, with swimming head, closed his eyes, and remained like that, bolt-upright on the sofa, and perfectly awake for the rest of the night, till the girl, bustling into the outer room with the *samovar,* thumped with her fist on the door, calling out: "Kirylo Sidorovitch, please! It is time for you to get up!"

Then, pale like a corpse obeying the dread summons of judgment, Razumov opened his eyes and got up.

Nobody will be surprised to hear, I suppose, that when the summons came he went to see Councilor Mikulin. It came that very morning, while, looking white and shaky, like an invalid just out of bed, he was trying to shave himself. The envelope was addressed in the little attorney's handwriting. That envelope contained another, superscribed to Razumov in Prince K——'s hand, with the request, "Please forward under cover at once," in a corner. But the note inside was an autograph of Councilor Mikulin. The writer stated candidly that nothing had arisen which needed clearing up, but, nevertheless, appointed a meeting with Mr. Razumov at a certain address in town which seemed to be that of an oculist.

Razumov read it, finished shaving, dressed, looked at the note again, and muttered, gloomily, "Oculist." He pondered over it for a time, lit a match, and burned the two envelopes and the enclosure carefully. Afterward he waited, sitting perfectly idle, and not even looking at anything in particular, till the appointed hour drew near, and then went out.

Whether, looking at the unofficial character of the summons, he might have refrained from attending to it is hard to say. Probably not. At any rate, he went; but, what's more, he went with a certain eagerness which may appear incredible till it is explained that Councilor Mikulin was the only person on earth with whom Razumov could talk, taking the Haldin adventure for granted. And Haldin, once taken for granted, was no longer a haunting, falsehood-breeding specter. Whatever troubling power he exercises in all the other places of the earth, Razumov knew very well that at this oculist's address he would be only the hanged murderer of Mr. de P—— and nothing more. For the dead can live only with the exact intensity and quality of the life imparted to them by the living. So Mr. Razumov, certain of relief, went to meet Councilor Mikulin with the eagerness of a pursued person welcoming any sort of shelter.

(To be Continued.)

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